

THE
REFORMER:
OR,

The Vices of the Age Expos'd,
In several Characters, viz.

The Vicious Courtier. The Debauch'd Parson.
The Passionate Hypocrite. The Precise Quaker.
The Covetous Miller. The Prodigal Son. The
City Lecher. The Incontinent Wife. The Amorous
Man. The Beggaring Apprentice. The City Mob.
The Country Squire. A Jacobite.

II. The Rambling Rakes:

Discovering many Mad Frolicks Com-
mitted by the Debauch'd of the Town.

III. Three Nights' Adventures.

CONTAINING
Several Amusing and Diverting Acci-
dental INTRIGUES.

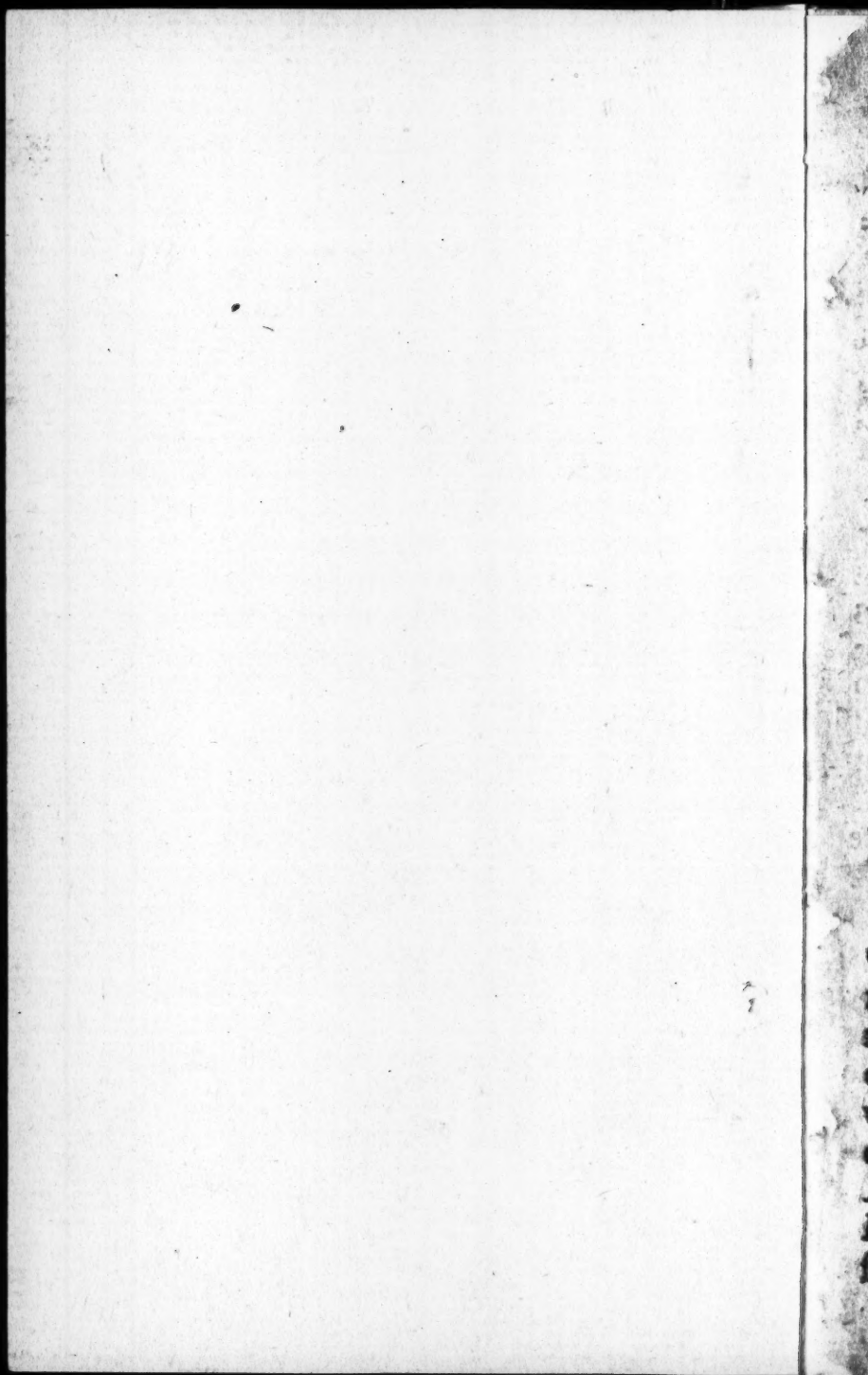
To which are added,

Step to the BATH:

With an Account of the Comical Passages on
the Road. And a Character of the Place.

The Fifth

LONDON, Printed for J. HODGKINS,
north at the Red-Lyon



THE
LIBERTINES:
OR,
The Vices of the Age Expos'd,
In several
CHARACTERS.

I. *The Vitious Courtier*

IS a Compound of all *Vices*, Opposite to all *Vertues*: A *Proteus*, that can Change himself to all Shapes, Conform with all Humours, so Tempore with all Opportunities, so that he may wriggle himself into the Favour of his *Prince*, or some *Great Man*, to whom he is no longer *Faithful*, than it encreaseth his *Interest*, or satisfieth his *Ambition*. He is all over *Promise*, but no *Performance*; and his *Honour* (which should be conversant to *Justice* and *Honesty*)

Honesty) he transforms to be and *Affylum* from Payment of *Debt*; Conceiting that *Grandure* Authorizes him safely to Act all *Villany*: He is as Deaf to the Importunities of a *Neceſſitated Tradesman*, as a *Rogue* to *Clemency*, or a *Miser* to the Cries of the *Poor*; to whom he returns the first time a *Complement*; the Second, *bad Language*; and the Third, perhaps, a *broken Head*: He is the Shadow of a *Man* with a *Taudry Outside* and *Beggarly Linnings*: And as the *Stoicks* plac'd *Felicity* in the inward Habit of *Vertue*; so he in the outward Habit of *Vesture*; counting it his *Summum Bonum* to Excel therein: He Shifts himself so often that he cannot Shift himself out of *Debt*; and is never the greater part of himself, but the least; like the Bird of *Paradise*, his Feathers are worth more than his Body. *Opticks* is this Man's Science; the next new Fashion, and the Reflection of his Face, terminates his Sight, and is the Scope of his Study and *Discourse*: His *Wit* is to talk much and loud, without regard to *Sense*: He hath no more Intellects than a *Spaniel* only to Fawn and Cringe; To his Superiors, Humble as a *Slave*; to his Inferiors, Haughty as an *Elevated Footman*: He is a meer Idol to himself; all the

Morning

Morning he spends in Decking his Body,
and the Afternoon in Starving his Soul:
He is a Profest Friend to a great many,
but a Real one to none: And if his most
Intimate Friends (and perhaps those
that rais'd him to his Promotion) seem
to have a greater share in *Vertue*, or
Wisdom, than himself, he is Jealous, and
Forms all the Schemes of Policy to les-
sen, and by Secret Practices to remove
him from his *Dignity*; and this too,
under the Pretence of *Honourable Love*:
Nor will he fail by *Oaths*, or wrong *In-*
formations, to deprave and taint his
Character, according to that of an An-
cient Poet.

Like Spides, Webs of Flattery he'll weave,
Pleasing the Ears of Great Ones to deceive;
Which once intangl'd, by some quaint Device
Chops off his Head; 'tis practic'd in a Trice.
He'll give occasion that may move Discourse,
And by a Trick some Dangerous Theme Enforce.
To draw a doubtful Question to the worst,
He'll make Men Guilty, then betray 'em first.
Such are the only Spies that gape for Prey;
Cut Froats in Silence, Smile, and then Betray.
Intraps the Unskillful, begs their Forfeit Lives,
Tograsp their State; thus the *Base Villain* Thrives:
Him the True Noble Mind must ever shun,
Or live in hazard still to be Undone.

He hates *Truth* as much as a *Fanatick*
doth the *Common Prayer-Book*, or a *Qua-*
ker

ker the Surplice. His Bounty extends only to *Bawds* and *Whores*; and his Generosity to *Pimps* and *Parasites*; to gain which they most *Obsequiously* *Dissemble*, and tell the *Fool* he *Resembles a God*. In a Word, his *Religion* is his *Lust*, and his Place of *Devotion* the *Theatre*, or *Chocolate-House*; *Pride* is his *Zeal*, *Contempt* his *Charity*; *Forgetfulness* his *Prayers*, and *Luxurious Riot* his utmost *Felicity*; till at last the *Mask* of his *Folly* being taken off, then, as he *Liv'd Vitiously*, so he *Dies Wretchedly*.

II. *A Debauch'd Parson.*

IS own that makes his *Gown* a *Cloak* for his *Wickedness*; and *Plays the Devil* for *God* sake: Whatever *Pretences* he makes to *Health*, he's no *Sound Man*; for he has a *Rotten Heart*, and a *Corrupt Liver*: He is much like a *Cow*, that gives a good *Pailful* of *Milk*, and and then *Kicks* it all down with her *Heels*; for tho' he *Teacheth* never so good *Lessons*, he *spoils* all by a bad *Life*, his *Practice* contradicting his *Precepts*; And either never *Believes* what he *says*, or never *Practices* what he *Believes*: He's the perfect *Reverse* of a Good *Christian*, and, like *Hebrew*, must be read backwards? He'll preach up *Chastity*,

as a Cardinal *Vertue*, and yet shall be the first that will Debauch your Wife: Like the Pope's *Nuncio*, that pleaded for the Purity of a *Single Life*, and the same Night was found in Bed with a *Whore*: He has a good *Wit*, but always makes use on't to a bad Purpose; for whatever you say, he will draw it to *Bawdry*: He handles *Wine*, *Women*, and his *Text*, alike; for he ever abuses all three. You'd think him in the Pulpit an *Angel of Light*: But stay till he comes down, and you will quickly see his Cloven Foot, by which you may know he belongs to the *Prince of Darknes*. There's none that pretends to stand up more for the *Church*, and yet no Man Dishonours it so much as himself; for tho' some may think him a *Star*, plac'd in the Orb of the *Church* to direct Men in the Ways of *Vertue*, he's only an *Ignis fatuus*, to lead Men aside into the Bewildring and Destructive Paths of Error and Debauchery: He's a most Rigid *Exactor of Tythes*, and yet of all the *Dissenters* likes the *Quakers* best, because, by that means, they give him an Opportunity to take 'em three Times over: He is sorry he was not Born in *Turkey*, for of all *Religions* he likes the *Mahometan* best; because *Wine*, *Women*,

and *Ease*, (which are the Things he values here) are what *Mahomet* promises his Followers hereafter. If he happens to have *Learning*, he is somewhat like the *Glow-worm*, which has *Light* without *Heat*, but more like the *Devil*, whose *Knowledge* without *Practics*, Accumulates his *Guilt*, and brings upon himself the greater *Damnation*. But if his *Ignorance* be as great as his *Debauchery*, he Sins the more boldly, and goes to the *Devil* with the less *Reluctance*: And yet, to beget an *Opinion* of his *Learning*, you'll find him in his *Study* with a *Pen* in his *Ear*, in which *Formality* perhaps he was *Asleep*: And his *Table* spread with some *Classick Folio*, which is as constant to him as the *Carpet*, and has lain open in the same *Page* this half *Year*. And to make the *World* believe he's *Studios*, his *Candle* is always a better *Sitter* up than himself, and the *boast* of his *Window* at *Midnight*: His whole *Life* is like *Penelope's* *Web*, nothing but *Doing* and *Undoing*: For as what she did in the *Day*, she undid at *Night*; so what *Good* soever he does by his *Doctrine*, he spoils by his *Example*. To conclude, as the best things, when *Corrupted*, are the most *Vile* and *Pilthy*; so a *Debauch'd* *Parson* is a *Scandal* to

to his *Gown*; a *Dis honour* to the *Church*; the *Shame* of *Religion*; and the *Scorn* of all *Men*.

III. A Factions Hypocrite.

IS Satan's *Close Factor*, and God's *Open Professor*; an out *Christian*; and an inward *Devil*; his inside is Lin'd with a *Fox Furr*; his outside is of *Sheeps-Wooll*: He is a *Dunghill* covered over with *Snow*, whereon if the *Sun* of a clear *Judgment* doth but *Reflect* his *Resplendent Beams* it will yield so many *Noisome Exalations*, that are enough to *Infect* a *Kingdom*. All *Virtues* are like *Parallel Lines* to him; Co-incident in his *Heart*, as the *Center*: *Formal Preciseness* holds the *Door* as a *Porter*, whilst *Legions of Devils* Dance within him. He is, on *Sunday*, like the *Rubrick*, or *Sunday Letter*, *Zealously Red*, and if his other *Occasions* will permit him, he will then Dance after the *Fiddle* of some base *Mechanick* of the *Fraternity*; but all the *Week* you may write his deeds in *Black*, he being a *Student* in the *Devil's Academy*: He's a *Book* with a *Painted Cover*, *Scribled* with many *black Characters* of *Mischief*, *Written* with the *Devil's own Hand*, and thoroughly *Read* of very few: He talks much,

but does little ; and like a Loose-hung Mill, keeps a great Clacking, but Grinds no *Griff* : He will not stick to Commit *Fornication*, or *Adultery*, so it be done Secretly ; and can find in his Heart to lie with any *Whore*, except the *Whore of Babylon* : He never gives *Alms* without a *Witness*, as if he were afraid God should deny he had receiv'd 'em : And when he has done, his own Mouth is the Trumpet to Proclaim it : He is all for *Dead Faith* ; and rather than be thought to hold *Good-Works* Meritorious, he'll do none at all : He has more *Divinity* than *Humanity* ; and will rather give a Distressed Neighbour a *Prayer*, than a *Penny* ; the Fire of Zeal having dry'd up the Dew of *Charity* : He hates all *Forms of Prayer*, and Worship only the Calves of his Lips, *Extemporary Nonsense* ; and had rather prey on the Church, than pray in it : He's a meer *Antipode* to Order ; when he should *Stand*, he'll *Kneel* ; and when he should *Kneel*, (to shew all his Uprightness at once) he will *Stand*. He turns sound *Preaching* into a sound of *Prating* ; like an empty *Cymbal*, he sounds for emptiness ; being but a *Cymbal of Schism* : In Brief, a *factionous Hypocrite* is a *Saint* to *Strangers* ; a *Disease* to his Neighbours :

bours; a Blot in the Escutcheon of *Vertue*; an *Angel* abroad, and a *Devil* at Home; his *Vice* being so much the greater, for making a Shew of *Vertue*.

IV. A Precise Quaker:

HE's a Maggot in *Religion*, bred at first from the Fly-Blows of *Superstition*, whose Opinion is all *Frenzy*, and his *Devotion Singularity*: He has been often *Metamorphos'd*, like a *Todpole* into a *Frog*, or a *Silk-work* into a *Butterfly*; and from a *Crawling Insect*, is become a *Volatile Drone*, who has soar'd upon the Wings of *Tolleration*, above the *Church's Persecution*: His chief Study is to Counterfeit *Outward and Visible Signs* of an *Inward and Spiritual Grace*, by which means, amongst the Ignorant, he makes *Formality* pass for *Religion*; *Hypocrisie* for *Holiness*; *Obstinacy* for sound Reason; and Self Opinion for Good Conscience: He's a great Enemy to *Conformity*, and loves dearly to be Cross grain'd; will be like no Body but himself and his Fellows; and Maintain and Approve nothing longer than other People Condemn and Oppose it: His Sentiments in *Religion*, are generally as much out of the *Orthodox Road*, as his Cloaths are out of the Fashion, and

and is ready to believe any thing Repugnant to the *Church Creed*: He delights as much to Kick against the Pricks, as a *Glasier* does against a Foot-Ball, and, like him, always Thrives the best by doing the most Mischief: His *Cravat* is no bigger than the Rose of a Parson's Hat-Band, but what ever he wants in *Cravat*, he makes up in *Hat*; the Brims of which are so broad, they'll shelter his Body from a Shower of Rain, as well a *Pent-House*: He Cants amongst his Customers, like an Old Bawd in strange Company; and never Talks, but he Warrants what he says with a Text of Scripture, which he generally Wrests to a false Sense, to serve a Mercenary Purpose. He uses few Words in his Shop, whenever he Deals with you, but will Cheat you more in one *Tea* and *Nay*, than a *Churchman* shall be able to do with Twenty Protestations: His Garment is always of the best Cloth, tho' made up after the worst Manner: His Food is the choicest of the Market, Dress'd after the best Manner: And his Drink, the Richest Wine, drank after the slyest Manner: He loves dearly to be thought an *Honest Man*, but hates mortally to be it: And seldom Walks without a *Knave* in his Sleeve, which
he

he puts upon every *Fool* he meets with. What I have hitherto said, is a Transcript of an Original *Quaker*, but what they are generally now, I give you in the Postscript.

They have most of 'em shifted off their Preciseness, as a Troublesome Restraint they had put upon their own Natures; and are Conform'd, within half an Inch, to the accustomed *Vices*, as well as *Habits* and *Manners* of Mankind; they can now wear *fashionable Cloaths*, *Rings* upon their Fingers, and *Watches* in their Pockets, which they held to be *Satan's Trinkets*, fit only for the Wear of the *Wicked*. They have forsaken their *Nipperkins* in Private, for *Quart-Pots* in Publick, and are become as *Sociable Christians* in a *Tavern*, as an *Honest Toper* would desire to Converse with. They have died their *Pale Complexions*, which they wore formerly, into a deep *Scarlet*, and instead of Thumping their Breasts, as they us'd to do, to express Sorrow for their *Sins*, they have wisely discover'd, of late, it's much better for the Body to bestow the same Knocks upon a *Tavern Table*, in calling the *Drammer* for more *Wine*, their *Hums* and *Habs*, are now turn'd into *Jest* and *Merriment*; and instead of *Tea* and *Nay*, they

they can say *Yes* and *No*, as well as the rest of their Neighbours. In short, they are as much changed from their *Original Purity*, as the *Romish Church* from *Primitive Christianity*; and are grown as much *Libertines*, as the very *Wickedest Church-man* among us. They can be *Knaveish* in their *Dealings*; can *Lye* when they're *Sober*, and with any *Body* when they're *Leacherous*; *Swear* when they're *Drunk*, and *Fight* when they're *Angry*; and Gratifie all the *Passions* and *Appetites* of *Humane Nature* as readily as any *Body*. Their *Union* being broke, and their *Interest* declining, have occasioned many of them to come over to the *Church of England*; with a *Pious Design* of turning *Good Christians*, to Repent of those *Sins* they Committed when they were *Quakers*: There are of 'em three sorts; the *Penitents*, who are *Jacobites*, the *Keithites*, who are *Williamites*; and the *Meadites*, who love no party but themselves, and serve no Cause but *Interest*.

V. *A Covetous Miser.*

HIS thoughts are always *Golden*, and his *Mind* is never *Elevated* above his *Mine*: He thinks *Gain* to be *Godliness*, crying it up with *Demetrius*

as his great *Diana*. As the *Ostrich* digests Iron, so can his Conscience Gold, howsoever gotten: He Subordinates all things both *Divine* and *Human*, to Gain; and with *Vespasian*, he conceives no way to be Indirect to it: He would Slay an *Ass* for his Skin; and like *Hermocrates*. Dying, would make himself his own Executor: For certain he is made Administrator to his Good Name while he is alive, for it dies long before him, without a Funeral. This Wretched *Muck Worm* seldom Surfeits with Excess of Chear; for at Home he Eateth more for present Need than future Health: He defrauds his *Genius*, and is in Debt to Back and Belly for Lucre sake. *Chineus* like, he will fill the best Wine to others, & drink the Lees himself, his Desires being to fill his Coffer, and put his Belly into his Purse: For Pacrimony and spare Diet are the chiefest Vertues commended in his Ethicks; but another Man's Table sharpneth his Appetite; and if he ever Surfeits, 'tis then. He doth so accustom himself to Baseness, that it becomes Natural; if his Money be safe, he counts Infamy an Idle thing, and not to be esteem'd. All things besides his Rusty Coin, seem nothing to him; he with it, seem nothing to other, and

and without it, he is nothing to himself, because his Money is his *Ultima Perfectio*, and the very *Ratio Formalis* of his Soul, for he hath a Lease of his Wits only during the continuance of his Wealth. His *Rhetorick* is only how to keep him out of the *Land Tax*: His *Logick* is to prove Heaven in his Chest: His *Geometry*, is to measure the Goodness of any thing by his own Profit: His *Arithmetick*, is his *Addition* and *Multiplication*: His *Physick*, is only to Administer Gold to his Eye, tho' he Starve his body: His *Mulick*, is *Sal re me fa, Sola res me facit*, that which doth make me Merry. *Divinity* he hath none, but *Sculptura* in his *Scripture*; and he hath so many Gods as *Images* of Coin. The *Earth* is his *Heaven*, and the *Golden Angels* are his Gods, in whose Sights consists his *beatifical Vision*. If his Pulse be Light, his Heart is Heavy; and if his Pulse be Fill'd, he is fill'd with more Cares: *Tantalus* like, he is never satisfy'd; for his Desire always increaseth: He thinks it just to Deduct from a Servant's Wages the Price of a *Halter*, which he Cut to save the Wretch, when he had Hung himself at the Fall of the Markets: He is good to no Man; worst to himself; drawing to himself Evils, as the
North

North East Wind doth Clouds. In a Word, every *Midas* is a fit Instrment for *Satan* to effect any Mischievous Design, because his *Piety* is over-sway'd by his Profit. This *Miser* cannot abide to hear of *Restitution*; he doth exceed in *Receiving*, but is very deficient in *Giving*; like the *Christmas-Boxes* of *Apprentices*, apt to take in Money, by restores none till he be broken; and then the *Devil* will have his wicked Soul; the *Worms* his Carcase, which will scarce afford a Breakfast, and some *Unthrifty Heir* this *Golden Web*, which he, like the *Spider*, has Weaved out of the Bowels of his long Travel and Vexation, all the Days of his *Vanity*. The End of his *Ambition* is to Die *Rich* to Others, and to Live *Poor* Himself, Toiling, like a Dog in a *Weel*, to *Roast Meat* for other Men's Eating. There is but one way for this *Covetous Holdfast* to go to *Heaven*, which is to be drawn up by that *Golden Chain* in *Homer*, reaching from *Earth* to *Heaven*; but he knowing that to be a Fable, will go where *Gold* is, *In Viscera Terræ*; *Hell* being his Center, where I leave him.

VI. A Prodigal Son.

IS most commonly the Son of a Covetous *Miser*, who sat Brooding upon his

his Bags, and only knew the Care, but not the Use of Gold. It is the *Wealthy Beggery*, of Thriving and Griping *Fathers*, that makes the Hands of *Sons* so open. The *Father* becomes a *Mole*, and *Son* of *Earth*, that Digs his *Mother's In-trails*, to turn up Treasure for his *Prodigal Son*; and with *Industrious Eyes* he searches to *Hell*, to buy his *Son Heaven* upon *Earth*. When *Wealth*, like a *Torrent*, over-flows the *Bank*, as it would threaten a *Deluge*, this *Swaggering Spendthrift* (who. by *Mortal Alchemy*, is extracted a Gentleman almost out of the *Dungill*) invents Sluces enough to drain the *Copious Stream* thereof. He will bid his *Pockets* not be sad, for tho' they are *Heavy* now, they shall soon be *Lighter*. As the *Earth* Swallowed *Amphiarau*, so he Swallows the *Earth*, and makes his *Purse* Sick of a *Consumption* not to be Recover'd. The *Prodigal Man*, is one that exceeds in giving *Money*; which is better than the *Covetous Man*, who exceeds in *Receiving*; because *Prodigality* comes nearest to *Liberality*. For they are *Liberal*, which give and receive nothing exceeding the *Golden Mediocrity*, and that's best.

The *Prodigal* thinks it a *Disparagement* to his *Nature*, to observe any
Golder.

Golden-Mean; for he thinks it the best *Moral Philosophy*, to spend his Gold and Means; and that he may be the better Proficient in his Art of *Spending*, he gets the Elective Habit of chusing such Brave Companions, that like Skilful Pilots, will Steer both him and his Estate into safe Harbour: He being afraid, lest he should leave any thing after Death, will be sure with *Demetrius*, the Son of *Antigonus*, to Spend his Patrimony in Riot, *Luxury*, and all Extravagant *Debaucheries*. He would Dis- People all the Elements, to please his Palate: Midnight shall behold his Nightly Cups, and wear a black Mask as Envious of his Jollitry. He will cast his Love upon such dangerous Rocks, as *Strumpets*, to satisfie his Liqueurish Lusts. He will ever be a Devout Sacrificer to *Bacchus* and *Venus*. He dies commonly as *Anacreon* did, with a Grape in his Throat. If it were true, as the Philosophers says, *Quod nutrit Deus est, That which Nourishes is a God*: How many Gods does this Man devour; and yet becomes more Ungodly by it? When this Profuse Extravagant Dies, he will be sure to have *Figellius* his Mourners, to Sigh out Elegies, and to Sing Dirges at his Funeral.

IS so *Marry'd* to his *Unclean Affections*; he is *Marred* by them, and becomes a Monster. He encreaseth Mankind, not for *Love* to the End, but to the *Means*; and is so Sensual, that he hath more Command over *Wild Beasts*, than his own unruly and beastly *Affections*. He is a *Salamander*, Living continually in the *Flames of Lust*: He is a *Vulcan*, which picks the Locks of *Virginity*; and he Commends Women no longer than he Commands them: He is the Woman's *Kalender*, from Seventeen to Thirty, if he 'scapes Burning so long: He dries up his *Radical Moisture* with the Fire of his *Lust*; and is Old in *Sin* and *Diseases*, before he's a Man. The *Eyes* are the *Windows* to let in *Lust* to the *Soul*: like a *Subterraneous Fire* it breaks forth with unspeakable Vehemency and Fierceness, never satisfied: So long as a *Whore* is *Horizon* of the Sight, the *Heart* is the Center of unclean and Polluted Affections. *Venery*, in the Beginning, hath the Fierceness of a *Lyon*; in the Middle, the *Letchery* of a *Goat*; in the End, the *Venom* of a *Dragon*. *Aristotle's* Counsel was to behold *Pleasures*, not as they come with *Pleasure*, but as they go with *Pain*. A *Whore* is the *Tall Trees* in
Ida

Ida, which allure may to rest themselves under the Shadow, and then Infect them with their Scent: I could wish all Men would imitate *Cyprus*, a most Noble and Valient King of *Persia*, Endued with such Continency, that *Araustus* Commending to him the Beauty of *Panthaea*, telling him her Graceful and Incomparable Features Eclips'd all others. *By so much the more*, said *Cyprus*, may I be wounded with *Cupid's Quiver*, and in Loving her, I should lose the Majesty of a King: When *Venus* Riseth, *Phæbus* Setteth; *Venus* is a Goddess that has no Deity, where Discretion Reigns. Fly *Idleness*, which is the first Shaft *Cupid* shoots into the hot Liver of a Fond Lover: Let him shun Opportunity, as his Bawd, and Occasion, as his Pander. If he refuse to keep the Nelt of Lust warm, the pernicious Brood of Actual Follies will not be hatched: Fewel also must be withdrawn from this Fire; Fasting Spittle must kill this Serpent, which, like the Serpent *Sardinius*, makes Men Die Laughing. Where there is Cleanness of Teeth, there is no Filthiness of Body. *Crates*, the *Theban*, prescrib'd Hunger, Time, and an Halter; thereby signifying, That if present Hunger, or length of Time, quench not this Flame in any Man, he deserves to be Hang'd.

VIII. *An Insatiate Wife.*

IS *Eve's* Sinful Daughter, Compos'd
of *Lust* and *Pride*; to gratifie which
she regards neither the *Laws of God*, or
Morality, but Prosecutes the Delights of
her Itching *Flesh*, mangre all the ba-
zards of her Husband's *Reputation*, and
her own *Credit*, whom yet she will Flat-
ter, and pretend the greatest *Sincerity*
imaginable. She would be a very fit
Match for the *Vicious Courtier*, and
'tis a great deal of pity they should
be parted. *Modesty* she hath Barish'd
from her *Intellects*, and therefore 'tis
That her Lips are full of *Wanton Smiles*;
her Eyes of *Lascivious Glances*, *Toyish*
Gestures; and her Discourse *Veneral Lec-
tures of Letchery*. She admires every *Fop*
that passes by her Door; nay, and will
call her Husband out of his Shop to be
Witness of her *Impure Thoughts*, whom
she hath already Cuckolded in her
Heart; and will be either Praising his
pretty *Lovely Eyes*, *Handsome Nose*, or
well-shap'd *Leg and Body*; and all to
kindle Fires, which, wanting Opportu-
nity to satisfie at Home, she impatient-
ly longs for *Six a Clock Prayers*, and
then with the *Common-Prayer-Book* in her
Hand, and the *Devil* in her Heart, un-
der the pretence of going to *Church*, she
Coaches

Coaches it to her Gallants; whom she supplies with her Husband's Money, for the Expensive Charge of his Brawny Back. When she returns, she looks as Demurely as a Nun, Fawns upon her Husband and Kisses him, to sooth him up in his Credulity of her Vertue, or to Coax him out of a New Gown and Petticoat, tho' Teeming with the Blood of a Stranger, and brings a Bastard into his Family.

If her Husband be Jealous, or Corrects gently her Failings, she'll break out in Dissemblings Tears: If he Restrains her Liberty, she'll commit Adultery for Spite.

All will not make her Honest, who by Mind, To Loose and Vile Affections is inclin'd; Debar her Spark, she to supply his Room, Will take a Foot-Boy, or a Stable-Groom: Keep her from Men of better Rank and Place, She'll Kiss the Scullion, & with Knaves Embrace. Suspect her Faith with all, and all Distrust, She'll buy a Monkey to supply her Lust: Lock her from Man and Beast, from all Content, She'll make him Cuckold with an Instrument; For she is like an Angry Mastiff Chain'd; She'll bit at all, when she from all's Restrain'd. We may set Locks and Guards, to watch her Fire, But have no means to quench her hot Desire: Men may as well with Cunning seek to bind The Irresistible Fury of the Wind, As keep a Mett'd Woman, if that she Strongly dispose herself to Venery.

Nothing

Nothing can satisfie her hot Desire,
Her Raging Lust burns like a Quenchless Fire:

She is always from Two to Six at the Street-Door; and out of her Husband's Sight, as Impudent in her Looks and Actions as a common Whore in Venice. She will Ogle and Leer, pull up her Breasts, and shew all Arts to catch a Wood cock in her Snare: Who, by this means, nibbling at the Bait (Stolen Pleasures being Sweet) she draws in a Chapman, and whilst her Spouse is at one End of the Shop looking for a Commodity, she, at the other, is making an Assignment to employ her own. By which he is repaid, if he pleases her, again, and so the poor Man is the Loser still; whom, when she hath drain'd as long as she can, and run him into Debt, till he is daily in Fear of a Goal, then (like Rats from a leaky Ship) she runs away from him, with one of her Sparks, who when he hath us'd her till he is weary, he turns her off, and then she grows Common; till at last, for Subsistence, she walks the Streets, and then my Lord Mayor's Officers and Bridewell are her Cronies; Bullies her Companions; Pox her Attendant; and the Tally-Man her Plague.

That

That Man is happy that Marries
 such a one; he may Curse that Minute
 wherein he met her, and may desire
 Time to Regeſter it with a Black Mark
 in his *Kalendar*.

IX. An Amorous Maid

IS a piece of Fleſh compos'd of two
 contraries, *Deſire* and *Reſuſal*, a Medi-
 um between *Love* and *Luſt*; as *Inconſtant*
 in her *Thoughts* as a *Lunatick*, and as
Unſtable in her *Opinions* as a *Seeker*, full
 of *Fancies*, *Jealouſies*, *Conceits*, eaſily in
Love, but wanting *Diſcretion* to preſide
 over her *Inclinations*, thinks every Block-
 head that Prates to her, his immediate-
 ly her *Captive*; and ſo deceiving her Ex-
 pectations, Pines and Languiſhes. She
 is Curb'd in by *Fear*; and only *Shame*,
 not the Love of *Vertue*, is the Guard to
 her *Golden Fruit*. So cunning, that the
 Perſon who moſt Eſteems her, the leaſt
 regards; like a Feather blown by every
 Wind: So Fickle ſhe is, that ſhe'll Love
 and Hate in an Hour; Smile, Laugh,
 Weep, and all ſhe knows not why;
 ſometimes ſhe'll rack her *Conſcience* for
 a *Kiſs*, and be as fond as a Citizens
 Wife, when ſhe deſigns to *Cuckold* him.
 At other times as Coy as an *Anchoret*.
 She ſeldom fixes her aim upon one Ob-

ject, but every new fangled Spark shall
Merit some of her Applause. She seems
as if she were by Nature *Pre-ordain'd*
a *Strumpet*; and only wants a good Op-
portunity and Bargain to break up the
Ice of her *Chastity*, which when she offers,
it would be a pleasant Comedy to ob-
serve her Denial; which, because not
common, I shall give you in Verse.

Nay pish, nay puh, nay Faith! And will you? Fie!
A *Gentleman* and use me thus! Egad I'll cry;
Ads Body! What means this? Nay fie for shame,
Nay stand away, nay fie, away; I vow you are too
Hark! some Body comes, leave off, I pray; [blame.
I'll *Pinch*, I'll *Scratch*, I'll *Squeak*, I'll go away.
Puh, *Faith* you strive in vain, you shall not speed;
You spoil my *Head*, you hurt my *Back*, my *Nose*
[will Bleed.

Look, look, the Door is open; some Body sees:
What will they say? Nay fie, you hurt my *Knees*.
Your Buttons scratch: O sad! What a Rout is
[here?

You make me *Sweat*, at last you'll make me *Swear*.
Nay, pray let me intreat you to be *Civil*;
You tear my *Smock*; I think you are the *Devil*;
I did not think you would have serv'd me thus,
But now I see, I tood my Mark amiss;
A little thing would make me not be *Friends*,
You've us'd me well, I hope you'll make amends.
Hold still, I'll wipe your Face, you sweat amain,
You have got a pretty thing with all your *Pain*!
O me! How hot I am! What will you Drink?
If you go sweating down, what will they think?
Remember this, how you have serv'd me now:
Doubt not e'er long, but I will meet with you:

If

If any Man but you had us'd me so,
Would I have put it up? In Faith, Sir, no.

It is ten to one but this great Favour of this late Amorous Maid, was confer'd upon some Quality, for the Honour of the thing; whom if he *Transfers* not to some *Indigent Person* with a *Sum of Money*, the next thing is to set out in the World with her *Seperate Maintainance*; where (*having Grace*) she repines and reflects upon her Loss, and then, perhaps, by the assistance of some *Females*, *Counterfeits Chastity*, and Entraps a Husband, who finding himself Trick'd, leads her a Hellish Life, till she makes him a Cuckold, and so round the Wheel, the just reward of *Vanity* and *Impudence*.

A Beau Prentice

IS a Thing call'd a *Hobedeboy*, that is *Half Man, Half Boy*; who hath more *Powder* in his *Hair*, or *Perriwig*, than *Brains* in his *Head*: And sometimes more *Money* in his *Pocket*, than he hath *Sense* to Guide. A finical Creature, that would *Ape a Gentleman*, in the *Bondage* of a pair of *Indentures*; and from cleaning of *Shoes*, carrying the *Bible* after his Master and Dame on *Sundays*, (like a *Footman*) and the servile drudgery of the *Paring Shovel* in the *Week-Days*,

Days, would (God Bless us!) mimick the Air and Mein of a *Beau*; in *English*, *A fine Fellow*. To effect which, the Father in the Country, must lug out his Cash; and perhaps in his Extravagancies Spends what should Set him Up, when his Seven Years Bonds are Cancel'd. He is a great admirer of St. James's Park and the *Play-House*, when he can make a Trespass, without the hazard of a Cudgel when he comes Home. To excuse which, he will forme a Hundred Lies of Business to his Master. He is all Noise and Nonsense: And the Thing is so Happy when it gets a kind Dolly by the Hand, that he values the Moment as his *Elizium*. He is very Proud; very Conceited, and very Foolish: As *Wild* when abroad in the Fields, as a parcel of Unkennell'd Hounds: His Wisdom terminates only in the Repetition of some part of a *Play*, or *London-Spy*, which serves him for Complement, or Banter, and (by a wrong use) for an encouragement to his *Pollies*. You will seldom hear him talk of any thing else, but the *Fashion* of such a Gentleman's Cloaths, such a *Cravat*, *Shoes*, and other *Habiliments*: And his greatest *Rhetorick* is to win a *Whore* to his Embraces: To effect which, he will Dally, Cringe, and

and Sneak to her, with as many Non-sensical Flights pick'd out of *Romances*, as a *Jesuite* when he would write *Encomiums* on a She-Saint. *Sadler's Wells*, *Moor Fields-Musick-House*, or one of the *Spring-Gardens*, he is as constant a Client to, as an Hypocritical Whore to *Covent Garden Church*; where he does strut, and look as big as young *Squire Belford* in the Play; and is as great a *Cully* too, between the *Filts* and the *Sharppers*, who send him often home with his Pockets empty, and his Cod-piece full. He is something of a Gentleman, and haunts *Gaming-Houses*, where he is Trick'd; and yet is so Bewitch'd, that to maintain his hopes of lucky *Fortune*, and being tickled with the Stile and Character of a Gentleman, he'll not only lavish his own Money, but borrow his Master's from the Till; Which being Incapacitated to supply again, and wearying his Friends with his *Exorbitancies*: His *Pride* and *Vanity* began with *Habeo*, it ends in *Debo*, and sometimes makes good every Syllable *Gradatim*: *Debo, I owe more than I am able to pay. Beo, I bless my self from my Master. Eo, I betake my self to my Heels*, and away he runs. The End of whom is *Want* and *Misery*: And at last, being

cast off by all, scorn'd by his Cronies, and neglected by his Friends, either the Gallows, the Sea, or some Foreign Plantation has him, where he has leisure Time to Repent of his Follies and Inadvertencies, and where 'tis best to leave him.

XI. The City Mob.

THE Rude Multitude is an Untam'd Monster of many Heads, lock'd up in the dark Dungeon of Ignorance and Inconstancy, more infected with Errors than Auger's Stable was fill'd with Ordure. The Common People judge of all Things as they appear to them, not as they are in themselves; being led by the erring Eyes of their clouded Intellects, seduced by false Opinions a Vero, and diverting their Wills a Bono, like white Clouds, or dewy Exhalations, they are carry'd hither and thither by every Wind. Now they flow with Honied Salutations, placing you in the Starry Canopy of Heaven. Anon their Gall o'erflows with bitter Invectives, and railing Accusations. The Wind of Giddinels does so possess them, that an Opinion now receiv'd, is expelled by clean contrary Ideas of their seduced Fancies. They Ebb and Flow oftner than Euripus. As the Childs Love, so the Peoples Commendations

tions is gotten and forgotten in an Hour. It is better to deserve Praise, than to be Praised by them; when they Honour the Worst, and Condemn the Best; being esteemed by wise Men, for Sense, instead of Reason, Brutish. Socrates always suspected that to be Bad, which the Vulgar extoll'd for Good. And Pliny gave this Rule in the School, That those who were Applauded most, he accounted worst. Their Knowledge is Opinion, and their Wit is never to swim against the Stream, nor set up Sail against any windy Rumours, which makes them, like Cyclops roaring without his Eyes, attempt things with great Outrage, and no Judgment. Their Inquisition does never sound the depth of Matters, but their Judgment is led by the sound of Words. In their Actions there is no Harmony; for they are too Flat, or too Sharp: And as Grillus being, by the Inchantment of Choice, changed into the form of a Hog, refused to turn to the shape of a Man: So they being Beast by Ignorance, refuse to be Men by Understanding. If they take Head against a Man, they run violently, like a Torrent, to overthrow him, without Law, Reason, or Judgment; they exclaim against him, making such an Uproar and Noise, that the Frogs in Homer (that, with their

Noise, would not let the Goddess Pallas sleep) Croaked no louder. Epiarus said, He would never please the People: For, saith he, What I know, Briareus, the Multitude approve not: Those Things which win the People's Approbation, I know not. And well he might say so, for the Vulgar will grow reproachfully Mad against them that are not of their Side, and please them in their Madness. Well doth Phœalides joyn the Common People with the Water and Fire, being altogether Unruly, bad Masters, but good Servants. In a word, there Natures and Dispositions are Outragious and Cruel, like those of the Northern Climate, always Unsteady, never Constant or Contented. If I have too much Vinegar in my Ink, or if any rude Phrase hath defaced my Stile with Barbarism,

Pray pardon me, for in this Argument,
To be Barbarian, is most Eloquent.

XII. *The Country 'Squire*

IS a Person of a considerable Estate, some Learning, and very little Wit. His only Happiness is in his Hounds, and will allow more for the Training up of a Setting Dog, than a Son, who he thinks hath Education enough if he can
Write

Write and Read; and tell a Sample of *Corn*, know the Prices of *Markets*, and over-reach his Countrymen: O! This is a fine and hopeful Lad! But talk to him of the *Muses*, and he says, with *Testimony* in *Sir Courtly Nice*, That it makes *Men Heathens*. He had rather be Sotting over a Cup of *March-Beer*, at a *Brother Boar's* House, than hear the most *Eloquent Declamation*, or most *Philosophical Dispute* in *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, and will Ignorantly affirm, There is much more Pleasure and Sense in the one, than the other, and a *Fart* for *Aristotle*, and a *Turd* for *Plato*, *Rockwood*, *Lady*, *Ring*, and to wind a *Horn* at the Death of a *For*, or a *Stag*, is his greatest Ambition and Study: And if he hath but *Arithmetick* enough to tell the Day of the Month by the *Almanack*, and when his *Quarter's-Rent* becomes due, he thinks himself as *Happy* as *Tully* in his *Oratory*. He hates *London*, because there he would see, as in a *Glass*, his *Rusticity*. Breeding is a meer *Aversion* to him, which he Characterizes as only fit for to make *Whores*, and learn People to *Lye*; and prefers a Young *Awkard*, *Rude Lump* of *Flesh*, drag'd up at a *Milk-Pale* before a *Gentile*, *Airy*, *Prudent Lady* of the *Town*; which when he gets where he

should not, he pays for dearly, or else the *Overseers* and he will be Two: His greatest Bugbear is the Tax-gatherer, and would not care a Farthing for Liberty or Property either, so he could keep himself free from the Subsidy. He is as busie in a Coffee-House, Conning over a *Gazette*, by the Instructions of the *Parson*, as a Boy in a *Primmer*, and when he meets with the Names of *Wisnowisky*, and *Potosky* they fright him into a *Sweat*, and he Swears by their Appellations, they must be Devilish stout Fellows, and Brave Generals, he'll warrant 'em. Yet this Clod will be Scanning *State-Affairs* at Home, and Reason why and wherefore Forfeited Estates should not be given three or four Times over, and taken away again: And will tell you, that a *Rude Multitude*, by dint of Blows, is to be preferr'd before the most *Knowing Politician* and *General*; by whose Conduct alone, the Issue of the whole War succeeded, &c. whilst he stay'd at Home, to try how long his Skin, well kept, would last, (as an *Italian* said once.) His Life is generally one continual Series of Eating and Drinking, Riding from one House to another every Day, till he Reels Home to his Rusty Smoking Mate, as Drunk as *David's Sow*:
If

If he is but advanc'd to the Commission of a *Justice of Peace*, he makes the whole County ring of his *Insolence*, and thinks himself as great as a *Lord Chancellor*, tho' no more able to tell the *right* or the *wrong* End of a Complaint, than one of his Hogs. Every Year he sends his Spouse and Daughters to Town, to buy new Cloaths, made of some old Fashion'd Silks, which cast a great Lustre in a *Country Church*, and the young things perk'd up as Gaudy as a *Bartholomew-Fair* Poppet, come down Tumbling among their *Russet Tenants*, who admire Misses Finery, gain'd, perhaps, by Oppressing of them. In a word, *Money* is his *Minion*; *Idleness* his *Recreation*: *Religion* his *Conveniency*: *Dogs* and *Block-heads* his *Companions*: *Stout Belch* his *Satisfaction*: And the Hell of *Ignorance* his Heaven; for ther's no making a *Velvet Purse of a Sow's Ear*. The Breast of *Fools* they kindle a *Pier of Wrath* and *Malice*. *Quintilian* gave *Vespasian* this Commendation, *Patientissimus veri*, which few Men in these Days deserve, Good Men being so rare, that they are scarce so many in Number as the Gates of *Thebes*, or the Mouths of *Nile*, which were but Seven. *Epamixondas* was so severe and strict a lover of Truth, Ut

ne joco quidem mentitus sit, that he abhor'd a Lye in Jest. I would have all Men put on this Armour of Proof, and then they need not fear Wounding. *Truth* (like *Medusa's Head*) will turn their Adversaries into Stone. Let this Glorious Light then, which shines the brightest between two Clouds, *Malice* and *Error*, be thy *Cynosura*, and *Pole-Stat* to Guide thy Soul. Make *Truth* thy Mother, and thy Tongue the *Midwife*.

A Jacobite

I *S a Monster with an English Face, and an Irish Conscience. A Creature of a large Forehead, prodigious Mouth, supple Hams and no Brains.*

For Noise and Debauchery, Oath and Beggery, are the Four Elements that Compose him: His Arms are those of Issacher, an Als Couchant; and his mark is a Red-Ribbon in his Cap, to shew that he belongs to the Scarlet Whore, by her Bloody Liverry, or else you may take it for a Wedding Favour, that when ever Popery and Tyranny shall make a Match, he would fain be a Brideman.

He seems Descended from Esau, since he is so ready to Truck away an Invaluable Birth-Right for a French Kickshaw, and a Nauseous Mess of Italian Pottage. Or
if

if you will run his Pedigree higher, you may call him a Noddite, one of the Race of Cain the Murderer, that would fain be Persecuting his Brother meerly because he is more Righteous than himself.

Take our Jacobites in the State, and they are Caterpillars, that devour every Green thing in a Flourishing Kingdom, and wound Liberty and Property to the Heart, that they themselves, like Beasts of Prey, might live wholly upon Spoil and Rapine; sit only to be Subjects to Nebuchadnezzar, when bereav'd of Human Sense, be Herded with the Wild Asses of the Desert. Tho' they boast themselves Englishmen, yet they Act in all things as Antipodes to their Native Country, and seem rather Bogtrotters Transplanted, the Spawn of some Red-shanks, or the By-blow of the Old Lazy Lord Danes, that once Domineer'd over our Ancestors: They are a sort of Wild-Boars that would root out the Constitution, and break the Ballance of our Happy Government; and render that Despotick, which hitherto has been both Established and Bounded by Law. Fauxes in Masquerade, that with Dark Lanthorn Policies, would at once Blow upon the two Bulwarks of our Freedom, Parliaments and Juries; making the First, only a Parliament of Paris, and the latter, meer Tools to Eccho back
the

the Pleasure of a Judge. They are so certain that Monarchy is Jure Divino, that they look upon all People living under Aristocracys, or Democracys, to be in a State of Damnation. And fancy that the Grand Seignior, the Czar of Muscovy, and the French King, dropt from Heaven with Crowns on their Heads, and that their Subjects were Born with Saddles on their Backs. Tour true Jacobite is as fond of Slavery as others are of Liberty, and will be at as much Pains and Charge to obtain it; for he Envies the Happiness of Canvas Breeches and Wooden-Shoes, and extreamly admires the Mercy of the Inquisition. He rails at Magna Charta, as the Seed Plot of Sedition; swears that it was first obtained by Rebellion, and that all our Forefathers were all Rogues and Fools, and did not understand Prerogative. He wonders why People should squander away their Time at the Inns of Court, or what need there is either of the Common Law, or the Statute Book, the King might at any Time, with quicker dispatch declare his Pleasure in any point of Controuersy, and each Loyal Subject were bound to Acquiesce on Pain of Damnation. Tet after all, his boasted Loyalty extends no further than a Drunken Health. He Roars and Swaggers, but does not Serve the King: He promises Mountains,

tains, and by Lies and Misrepresentations gives false Measures, but performs nothing: Nor is it the Cause, but the Crust, that he Barks for.

Then in Relation to the Church — Jacobite is either a Crab Protestant, that crawls backwards as fast as he can to Rome; or at best, but the Cat's Foot wherewith the Romish Monkeys Claw the Protestant Religion till the Blood comes: One that does their Drudgery, tho' he has not always the Wit to see it, and all the Wages he must expect, Polypheme's Curtesie to be devoured last.

He pretends high for the Church of England; but as he understands not her Doctrine, so he Dishonours her by his Lewd Conversation: What a pretty Pious Confession of Faith it is, to bear a Jacobite cry, ——— God Damn me, I am of the Church of England, and all the Presbyterians are Sons of Whores? Indeed the only Proof both of his Religion and Courage, is, that he Swears most frequently by that Tremendous Name, at which lesser Devils Tremble: And his Christianity consists in Cursing all those that he is pleas'd to call Fanaticks, and Fanaticks he calls all those that are not content to be either Papists or Atheists. His Tongue is always Tipt with Damme, and Forty One; and

so

so Hot, (being set on Fire of Hell) that he is fain to drink Healths (sometimes to the Pope, and sometimes to the Devil) Sixty times in an Hour to quench it; and then Belches out Huzza's as fast as Mount Strombulo does Fire and Brimstone.

Whilst he Clamours at the Dissenters for not coming to Church, he think 'tis Canonical enough to Sleep over the Lord's-Lay to digest the Fumes of Saturdays Debauch, or take a Walk in St. Pauls, peep in at the Preacher, and presently retire to the Tavern for a Whet to Dinner, or else to meet the Club of Witty God-Mockers, and Droll away the Day in Blasphemy, Ridiculing Religious Duties, or inventing Jack Pudding Lies of some pretended Nonconformist's Preaching. If he be somewhat of a more Serious Temper, he is as very a Superstitious Bigot, as any in the Papacy, he would rather have no Preaching than the Surplice should be left off, and thinks his Child not Christened if it be not done with the Sign of the Cross; he counts Opus operatum sufficient, and if he have but been at Common-Prayer, and made his Responses loud enough to drown the Clark, and had the Parsons Blessing, his Task is done, and all is safe. Flesh on a Friday is more Abomination to him than his Neighbours Bed, and he abhors
more

more not to Bow at the Syllables of the Word Jesus than to Swear by the Name of God.

He has got a new English Dictionary, Framed by the Indefatigable Skill of Heraclitus and Lesly, whereby he Traverses the most Loyal Honest Sense into Blasphemy and Treason. Talk Soberly of Religion, and he flaps you over the Face with Heresie, Schism, Fanaticism and Faction, or roundly calls you Confounded Whig, and so you are Confuted.

THE LIBERTINES.

The CONTENTS.

*The Libertines go to the Stocks-Market
Reflections upon it, and upon the People.
They meet two Lewd Women by the
Royal-Exchange, which they follow,
but are met by their Fathers, who detain
em till the Women are out of Sight. They
leave their Fathers, and go in Search
of Women to Lambeth-Wells. A
Description of the Wells, with the Hu-
mours and Frolicks of the People. Not
finding*

finding of 'em there, they go to Cupid's Garden. Remarks upon it. They Discover several Intrigues. They go to the Folly on the River of Thames. Reflections upon it. A Description of the Lewd Company. They Land at the Temple. Take a Man's Wife from him in the Street. Occasion a Riot. Are committed to the Counter. One courts three Sisters, unknown to each other ; promises 'em all Marriage ; gets them all with Child, and deceives 'em. The other picks up a Whore, goes with her into White-Fryars ; gets Drunk ; is put to Bed to a Dead Woman ; the People Remove all their Goods in the Night, and leave him in the House, where he is found by the Landlord in the Morning.

BEing something Indispos'd by a late Debauch, which confined me to my Bed some Hours extraordinary ; during of which I was as Squeamish as a New Married Woman, and lap'd more Mutton-Broth than a Country Dame in the Straw does Oatmeal-Caudle : About Three in the Afternoon I was sent for by a Friend (who had been doing the same Pennance) to *Vulcan's Coffee-House* in *Stocks-Market*, once Fam'd for the *Athenian Conclave*, but now for the *Grave Cabal*.

Cabal of Colwertarian Factors, and Renown'd Herb Women; where we heard several pleasant Tongue Combates.

The first was between two Feminine Pull-Guts, concerning Priority; for the *Gray-Mare* was now the better *Horse*, notwithstanding her Spouse had formerly been a Servant to the other Husband. They had both been taking a Cup of the Creature, and being at the Head of the Fountain, was the bolder with the Liquor; but the Noble Juice of the Grape so Exhillerated their Petty Craniums, that their Noisie Nonsense far exceeded the Cataracts of *Nile*; and with Eagerness of Loquaciety foam'd at the Mouth like a Dray-Horse: No sooner was the Fray ended, but C — the Circuli Taplash, fell a Railing at the parvouse *Fishmonger*, for Reporting he had made an Inspection into his Daughter's Quarters, of which he gave a very nice Description; and Demonstrated the Signs of a Mole to a Miracle. For which Strip-Eel was Arrested, but prov'd it to be Matter of Fact, before the Gigantick Figures at *Guild-Hall*; whereupon poor Miss's *Nunquam Satis* became the Subject of the Neighbourhood's Discourse.

But the dull *Mahometan Infusion* not agreeing with our Maukish Pallats, we deposited

Dis.

Discourfing of which occafion'd us to call for the other Quart, fo that we out-ftay'd our Time, and being too late for a *Play*, ftroul'd to the *Lunatick Manfion* in *Moorefields*, (a Place famous for *Affignations*) to pick up a *Confiding Female*; but meeting with a Difappointment, we return'd to the *Stocks-Market*, where was Variety of Company, devouring the Product of Dame *Nature's* Liberality. At one Stall was a Young *Beau Clerk*, wrap up in a *Scotch pladd*, with a Pen ftuck as ftiff in his Hair as a Skewer in the Flap of a Shoulder of *Mutton*, treating his Master's Chamber Maid with *Strawberries*, but as watchful as *Argos*; and his Head as full of Motion as a *Weavers-Suttle*, in watching his Masters Door, and admiring Mrs *B*—s Phiz, which plainly discover'd ſhe bore no Antipathy againſt *Chalk* and *Oat-meal*. Hard by him was another of his Brothers of the *Deſk*, and the Round Shoulder'd Son of a Porter, Eating of *Cherries* for the Plate, attended by more Spectators than the late Monſtrous Fiſh at *Black-Wall*. At another Stall was a Leath of *Virgins*, the Daughters of a Horſe-fac'd Midwife, near that Remarkable piece of *Antiquity*, known by the Name of *London-Stone*, Darting their Amorous

morous Glances to as little purpose as washing an *Æthiopian*, and had no more Influence, than a poor Man's Petition to a Courtier; they are of a Masculine Hue, full Ag'd, and constant Lecturers, but as little esteem'd as *Malt-Tickets*; their Father, without doubt, was a Heroe, and had as bold an Appetite as he that first Encounter'd an *Oyster*; the Mother out Rival'd the late *Hermaphrodite* in *Moor-fields* for Features.

But the greatest of our Diversion consisted in hearing of an Old *Basketarian*, Banter a Young Eloquent *Norwegian-Factor*, whose Time is but lately expired; and is now Master of a little dark Cave (but of less Sense) in a *Noble Street*, from the Corner of which you have a fair Prospect of the *Orphan's-Conduit*. He is of the same Opinion of the late Sir *John F——*, that every Generation grows Wiser than the former; so by Consequence his Tallent must be very large. The Vulgar has Corrected his Name by Adoption to one more suitable to his Natural Parts, and Re-Baptiz'd him *Ben*. He's a compleat *Bean*, bate but the two most Essential parts of the Animal, that's his Head and his Heels. But notwithstanding his great Perfections, he has verified the Old Proverb,

verb, *Fools have Fortune*: But the Old *Haradan* being a little too Extravagant with her Clapper, was rebuk'd by her Neighbour, the Friendly *Tallow-Chandler*: But the Old Woman gave very little Attention to his Reproof, and told him, *Tho' he pretended mightily to the Spirit, 'twas well known he was Fleshly given; and his Deeds was Dark, tho' by Vocation he was an Author of Light, and a Confounder of Cotton.*

The *Wine, Walk, and Fruit*, creating us an Appetite, we quitted the Market, and hasted to the Infallible Sign of the Infallible Head, in an Alley that bears the same Title, as Noted now for Nice-Peck, as 'twas formerly for an Amorous Bar-Keeper: Having Anatomiz'd the Carcase of a Cold Fowl, and wring'd a Lemmon as hard as *David Jones* once did the Bankers Consciences; we took leave of his Holiness, and went over to the obliging Relict of the late *Alphabetical Cutler*, who was Drinking of *Burgundy Bumpers*, with two or three Brawny Officers, to the Commemoration of his Deceas'd Honour. Having Barter'd for some of her Commodity, we departed, but not without Tasting their Wine, and Saluting her Lips, which were as Clammy as
Treacle,

Treacle, and as Red as her Neighbour the *Apocryphal Tonsor's* Nose, which is Scarlet in Grain, and of such a Spungy Nature, that it hath soak'd up more Claret than will float the *Royal Sovereign*.

Standing at the Alley's End some short time, considering how to steer our Course; and likewise viewing the Noble Front of the Universal Correspondent Fabrick, lolling on each other in as lazy a Posture, as a *Walbrook Furrer* in *July*, or a *Pater-Noster-Row* Mercer in *December*. In the interim of which, out bolts a brace of Ladies from the aforesaid Mansion, whose airy Deportment, slow Motions, and amorous Looks, gave us an Invitation to follow the Track, which as soon as they perceiv'd, they put the black Pall o'er their Phizes, and could no more forbear looking back than *Lot's* Wife, but gave us as many backward Ogles, as the *Hackney Boarders* in their *Sundays* Progress, at the *City Beaus*: And sauntering after them, as a Boy to School, till we had almost reach'd the Water-side, as we were just about to give them a Broad-side, and make our Addresses, as ill Luck would have it, who should we meet but our Dads, who were going
to

to refresh their jolly old Hearts at Her-
roick Guy's, near the Royal Edifice of
Renown'd *Gresham*: The old Gentlemen
would have perswaded us to go with
them for which we beg'd their Pardons,
pleading extraordinary haste for the
payment of some Bills, that Night.
Whereupon they releas'd us commen-
ding our Diligence, which I believe they
would hardly have done, had they
known our Design upon the Ladies,
whom we resolv'd should be the
Receivers.

By this unexpected Accident we lost
the sight of our Does; but conjecturing
they were going either to *Lambeth Wells*
or *Cupid's Garden*, we hastened to the *Old*
Swan, presently took a pair of Oars, and
by the Laborious Tugs of our *Element-*
Spitters, were soon convey'd to the
Southern-Shore, near the Antient Palace
of *England's Head Prelate*; and Ferrit-
ing about to recover our Loss, till we
came to *Lambeth Wells*, where I observ'd
an Old Fornicator a *Mutton-Hunting*,
who, by his Sanctified Look, and For-
mal Carriage, one would have thought
could have bid Defiance to any Temp-
tation of a Female Devil, and resisted
the Lust of his own Flesh. My Friend
happ'ning to know him, told me he was a

Maggot-Monger by Vocation, lived in *Leadenball-Street*, was formerly Excommunicated from the Church, and not long since narrowly escap'd it from the Assembly of the *Faithful* in *Lime-street*, and all for the Tickling Sin of *Whoring*; but on his Publick Acknowledging his Crime, with a Promise for a thorough Reformation for the Future, he was Confirmed in the Congregation; but he still retains his Integrity to *Wenching*; and so Predominant is his Flesh, that a Bull from his *Holiness* would no more be regarded, than the Reproof of the *Elders*.

In the same Walk was the Widow of a late *Grocer*, but now the Wife of a *Draper*, rigg'd as fine as a *Dutchess*, with a Livery at her Heels. Her Natural Complexion is as swarthy as a *Bantam*, but Plaister'd o'er by Art as thick as the Lid of a *Goose-Pye*. She had a Crozier of *Diamonds* at her A—— as big as a *Frying-Pan*; but the adjacent Part has prov'd very Unfruitful, having never receiv'd the Blessing of the first Command; and of all the Commandments, she regards the Seventh the least. Under the Notion of Drinking the Waters, she carries on her Intrigues. She often boasts of being a Lady in few Year;

Year; and will bring the *Moore fields Star-gazer* to avouch it.

Among the Dancing Crew was several whose Tails were far lighter than their Heels; and the Motion of their Buttocks so melted their Grease, that they out Sweated a Stoker at a *Glass-House* in *June*, or a *Pye Corner Cook* during *Bartholomew Fair*. The wive with their Hankerchiefs had so intermix'd the White and the Red, that their Faces look'd as Streaky as Marble Paper. The Grains of their Skins, by the Heat of their Body, and the Essence of Toes and Arm-pits, made such a Fumigation, that, had not my Friend had a Bottle of *Harts Horn*, we had certainly Fainted. There was one Lady of *Pleasure*, to whom Nature had been very Liberal with her Endowments, as she was Dancing a Jig (which she perform'd extraordinary well) pulling out her Hankerchief to wipe her Face, out drops a large piece of Green Cloath, and as much *Orice Root* as would supply an Hospital for a Month, which dash'd her so much out of Countenance, that she departed without making her *Honours*, so by Consequence spoil'd Her Market for that Evening. She is a true *R.* resemblance of *Pandora's Box*; for she hath been in

Kent-street Lock more times than double the Number of her Hands and Feet. The Bulky Mein Usher, with a white Wan in his Hand, for the generality lead' the Dance; he steps as fine as a *Mill-Horse*, has the Air of a Cow, and makes more Noise than the Captain of the *Mob* on the Fifth of *November*.

Seeing not our Ladies we thought it lost time to stay any longer there, but halted to *Cupid's Garden*, with as dejected a Countenance, as the Commissioners of the *Land bank* on the News of Dr. *Chamberlain's Trip to Holland*; and as big with Expectation of finding them there, as his poor deluded subscribers were of Annual Estates; but notwithstanding we were so Valiant that no *Mask* or *Petticoat* 'scap'd us, we were baffled in our hopes, and our search had the same Effect as *Penelop's Labour*, therefore we resolv'd to strive no longer against the Stream, but submit to what kind *Chance* should offer; waiting for which, and walking about for an Opportunity, we took Notice of a Goggle Ey'd Jew, of the Tribe of *Mordicai*, whose Habitation is not far from the *Synagogue*, and he is Remarkable for his *Black Whiskers*, *Moross-Speech* and *Upright-Gate* he mutter'd Love to his Mistress faster than their

Orator

Orator pronounceth the *Hebrew* Law on their *Sabbath*, on which Day, he carries no *Pecunia* in his Breeches, but will *Whore*, go to a *Play* or *Tavern*, in the Evening, taking with him a Friend of the contrary *Faith* to disburse the *Rino*. He seem'd to be more Vigorous than a *Stone-Horse*, and was so confounded *Amorous*, that we thought he would have cover'd her in our Sight. She's the Uxorious Dame of one of his Dependants, and as Notified for an Intriguer at *Cupid's* as her Husband for one of *Othollo's* Monsters, the Patches to Admiration, and Dresses with such a profound Air, that she's Envy'd by all her Neighbours of her own Sex near *Cree-Church*, and as much Admir'd by the contrary.

The next Discovery we made, was an Intrigue between a Shopkeeper's Beau Apprentice on the *Royal-Exchange*, and the Wife of his Master's Bosom; the Spark has a better knack in pleasing the Ladies than his Master, tho' he has been much admir'd by the Female Sex, but is so damnable *Effeminate*, that he has been Ridicul'd by the whole Town, and Censur'd hard for his *Non-performance*; he is far Nicer than Sir *Courtly*, in his Apparel, and more Troublesome to his *Tonfor* than the *Scrubado* to a *Sempstress*;

and Garters so very Neat, that he often takes down his Glafs in the Shop to admire his Legs; he declares he could wish 'twould become a Fashion for the Men, as well as the Women to carry *Umbrella's* to shelter them from the Weather; and uses more Variety of Washes, than the once Renown'd Bawd, *Madam Creswel*. The Spark without doubt had made good use of his Time; and, notwithstanding his Familiarity with his Mistress, he commiserated his Masters Confinement during their Absence, by hasting home to shut up Shop. But finding none among all them tempting enough to break a Commandment with, or run the Risque of a *Flap-Dragon*; after we had drank a Bottle or two of *Red-Streak*, we departed; resolving to go throw-flitch in our pursuit, whereupon we boarded the *Polly*, a Place as worthy of its Name, as a Thief of a Halter.

Having enter'd the Floating *Seraglio*, we were presently shew'd into Number Threë; and before we were will seated, came to us a Brace of *Harlots*, as Lewd as *Sodomites*, and as Impudent as the *Devil*, and gave us an Invitation to Dance: The Countenance of the *Whores* was an Antidote against Carnality to us; not but

but we were willing to be Lew, tho' not with such common *Strumpets*: However, we bestow'd on them three or four Betty's of Prick'd Wine, the best the Place afforded, which made their Heads as light as their Tails, then dismiss them to seek for fresh Company: and presently the *Noise* Instruments play'd, which was more hideous than the Ruff-Musick at *Ludgate*, on the Coujunction of a Prisoner and his Wife, if possible; and up starts a whole Covy of *Whores*, with their *Cully-Partners*, placing themselves to Dance, with as much *Decorum* as the *Cripplegate Pioneers* on my Lord Mayer's-Day; nay, I am Confident there is hardly a Bawdy-House within the limits of the Bill of *Mortality*, but one of their *Proselites* was there; they will make as punctual a Bargain before they'll go with you, as a *Butcher* in *Smithfield-Market* for Cattle; but one of the Company happening to spy out a *Poulterian Fannizary* among the Crowd, discover'd him to the Mob, who was so enrag'd at the *Catch-Pole*, that had he not made his Escape into a Boat, out of one of the Windows, they had soon sent him to another Element, which is a far kinder Fate than he deserves, whose *Actions* are as dark as his *Name*; for there's nothing

that is *Mercenary* and *Base*, but is as Natural to him, as *Milk* to a *Calf*.

Among this *Chaos* of Sexes, was a Person of a Venerable Age, his Cloaths miserably Tatter'd, and his Face as Pale and Wan, as if he had newly Risen from the Dead; notwithstanding which, he still retain'd the Air and appearance of one that seem'd to Command much Honour and Respect; and shewing him to my Friend he knew him; and told me, he is no more like the Man he was three Years ago, than an *Apple* is like an *Oyster*; he was then, said he, counted a *Topping Merchant*, and as Noted a *Capon-Eater*, as belong'd to *Haberdasher's Hall*; but by Misfortunes Abroad, his *Lustful Inclinations*, and shaking his *Elbows* hath reduced him to what you see; his being here now, I presume, is on no other Account than to satisfy his *Letchery*. And no sooner had he spoke the Word, but the Old *For-nicator* had got him a *Drab*, and mov'd off seemingly as well pleased, as if he had been repossess'd of his former Fortune. In the next Box to us was three *Filts*, who had Drank pretty Plentifully, no doubt but to light on some *Cully* to discharge the Reckoning, but being deceiv'd in their Expectation, and having

no more *Money* than *Honesty*, they were oblig'd to leave a Pledge for it, so one left her *Scarf*, another her *Hood*, the third her *Gloves*, and took up Three-pence in *Money*, for a *Waterman* to set them on *Salisbury-Court Shore*.

Being now near Ten, we came from the *Folly*, and took Boat for the *Temple*, and went to the *Devil* to Enjoy our selves with a Glass of Good Wine, after our Successful Ramble; and the Streets being dry, and the Night light, we had a mind to foot it Home, not in Consideration of saving Coach-Hire, but for the sake of Diversion we imagin'd we should have; but in *Fleet-Street*, overtaking an Ordinary Man, handing a Young Airy Lady, who made a very good Figure, we pretended some Acquaintance with her, and must needs take her from her Husband, (as we afterwards found him to be) and endeavoured to force her into a Tavern, being somewhat Elevated and Inamour'd with her Person, but she crying out for Help, and he getting timely Assistance, she was soon Rescued, and we Seiz'd, notwithstanding we lugg'd out our Steel, and Wounded two or three; but the powerful Strokes of *Pairing Shovels* soon o'er master'd our *Swords*, and the *Constable* took care for a new Lodging.

forus that Night in the Counter ; which Occasioned us to take Coach, which if we had done at first, 'tis possible we had lain at our Old one. But,

Night, Wine, and Love, no Moderation bear ;
 Night knows no Shame, or Love and Wine no
 [Fear :

As soon as the Key was turn'd, the whole Family of the *Rat-Castle*, flock'd about us as thick as the Mob about an insnar'd *Diver* for Pence at the *Post-Office*, demanding *Garnish*, which we presently paid, lest we should be dismantled of our Rigging ; and being willing to be rid of our Company, we desir'd a Bed ; upon which we were Conducted to a very indifferent one, for I dare be Sworn the Sheets had perform'd several Voyages to the *Indies* under another Office, before they were converted to that use ; and for the Bed, I am Confident it had more Vermin than Flocks : But being full fraught with *Wine* and *Veneration*, at that Nights Adventure, we doz'd away the time till Morning appear'd. Then Consulting how to manage the Misfortune, that it might not be blaz'd Abroad, or reach the Ears of our Friends ; and calling to mind a Splitter of Causes, who was a particulard Friend of ours, we sent for him, and gave him
 an

an Impartial Account of the occasion of our Confinement; whereupon he advis'd us to endeavour, if possible, to prevent going before a *Justice*, and to make it up on any Terms; demonstrating the Letter of the Law against any such rash Attempts. We acquiesc'd in his Arguments, and were sensible of our Fault (but too late) and desir'd him to stay till the *Constable* came; but he told us, That a Sister of his, that liv'd near the Monument, sent to speak with him just before our Messenger came, on some Urgent Business, but he would be back in an Hour; if the *Constable* and the Persons we had Injur'd came in the mean time, to desire them to stay till his Return. But before that time was half expir'd, came the King of the Night, with his short Painted Truncheon of Authority, and two or three of his Decripp'd Door-thumpers, and call'd for his Prisoners, telling us, That both our Friend and Adversary, was at the Rose Tavern, at the Alley's End, before whom we must make our Personal Appearance. This seem'd strange to us, but however it was no Unwelcome News, by reason our Friend was there, but gave us hopes it might be Accommodated, and we not Expos'd before a Magistrate; then paying our Fees, we

quitted

quitted our new Lodging with as Joyful a Heart, as ever poor Wench that is past her Teens went to be Married.

Being come to the Taver, our Friend Smil'd, telling us, *He was sent for by our Adversary, who was his Brother and Sister, to assist in the Prosecution of us; but we being his Friends, he had prevail'd with them to put it up.* At which we begg'd both their Pardons, Pleading abundance of Contrition for the Abuse; and the Wounds we gave in the Scuffle being but slight, we promis'd to pay the Cure, and a Gratuity for their Civility; and giving Mr. Constable, and his Assistant, a Reward for their Trouble, we were as Good Friends, and as Good Company, as Good Wine could make us: And after about an Hour or two's Enjoyment, we discharg'd the Reck'ning, which mounted to about a Guinea, besides the other Expences, then took our Leave; and departed.

My Friend and I agreed to meet the next Morning at the *Flanderkin* Sutlers, who was so Ambitious of being a Vintner, that he gave 900 Yellow Boys for the Influence of a Star near the *Royal-Exchange*; but some old Sophisters, who pretend to have mighty Judgment in *Astrology*, Prognosticate, *That unless the*
Juice

Juice of the Grape be something extraordinary, he will quickly repent his Purchase, and the Star be bury'd in a Cloud. But meeting, according to Appointment, I perceiv'd my Friend to be very uneasie and Melancholly, asking him the reason, he answer'd me, That one Misfortune seldom came alone, but was generally back'd by another; and since we were no strangers to one anothers Intrigues, he would give me an Account what had happ'ned since we parted.

My Master, you know has three Daughters, who are Youthful and tolerable *Handsome*, and no small Fortunes; I being full traught with Vigour, and not able to resist such Tempting Fruit, made Love to each of them, unknown to the other, pretending a great deal of Passion; and so manag'd it, that there was no Suspicion of Jealousie in the least between them; and to obtain my *Desires*, I promis'd them all Marriage, at which the poor Deluded Fools soon granted my Request: Since which, by my Industrious Labour, they are all pregnant, and press me mightily for Marriage, which now is as far from my Thoughts, as they are Stale in my Embraces; therefore I still put them off by some plausible Excuse, and defer'd it from time to time.

But

But being pleas'd at Yesterdays Success, after the Nights Misfortune; and also being mighty full of Love, as I was going up to my Chamber I met one of my Loves on the Stairs, then taking her by the Hand I led her into my Apartment; where she was mighty Solicitous for me to fulfil my Promise, and I as eager to renew our Joys.

Having fast'ned the Door, she gave me the trouble to use a little force, at which starts from behind the Curtain the eldest Sister, which baulk'd my Design, and cool'd my Courage. She overheard our Discourse, and was a witness of our Procedure; fell into a violent Passion, taxing me with *Unkindness*, *Purjury*, and *Falsehood* to her, who had been so Liberal of her Favours, and lov'd me beyond Expression. Then upbraiding her Sister, who was so surpriz'd that she sunk breathless into my Arms; and being willing to be eas'd of my Burthen, I laid her on the Bed, and began to plead for my self to the Enrag'd Charmer: But, alas! All that I could say rather Augmented her Fury, and had the same Operation as Oyl to extinguish Fire. *False*, *Ingrateful*, and *Perjur'd Deluder*, cry'lh she, *is it thus you reward me for all my Kindnesses extended to thee? And is this*
the

the effect of your mighty Passion, which so often you have invok'd the Sacred Deities to Witness? Are all the Solemn Oaths and Protestations, which so often you have Sworn on your Knees, now Cancel'd, and so soon forgot? Thou art the Author of my lost Honour, and increasing Shame; art thou pall'd by Enjoyment? And could not you content your self with being false to me, but also must Deceive my Sister, and Ruin both our Fortunes? Indeed 'tis no more than what I have of late suspected, but now find too Evident; and had not kind chance in your Absence, directed me to your Chamber to seek for something to divert my self, I had still remain'd Ignorant of your Falsehood.

No sooner had she Pronounc'd these Words, but the Intranc'd Partner of her Woe, recover'd her depriv'd Senses. At the same Instant one knock'd at the Door, which gave me hopes of Relief; whereupon I presently opened it, wishing I might be sent for out; for I was in a Damn'd Fatigue at the discovery. But, ye Gods! How was I dismay'd, to find the third Sister there, and would not be denied Entering. Nay, now, cry'd I, Fate do your worst; then let her in. She finding one in Tears, the other like a Fury, made a Scrutiny into the Occasion;

sion; and 'twas not long before she was satisfied, at which she kick'd up her Heels; and, Faith, I thought was gone to carry the News to the other World. But, in a short time, coming to herself, she divulg'd her own Weakness, of being impos'd on by my pretended Love; and gave me a second part to the same Tune. At length all being silent with Grief, I spoke to them to this Effect, *Fancying my self that Heroick Libertine, Don John: You see, Ladies, how by Accident I am discover'd in my Amours with you all; you have all declar'd to me severally you are with Child by me, and that I promis'd you all Marriage, which I confess: But since it is not in my Power to gratifie your Desires in performing my promise, I do declare I renounce it to you all; and advise you, for your own Honour, not to divulge it, thinking thereby to expose me; for thereby your own Reputation will be blasted: But, by concealing your own Frailties, since you are alike Guilty, Things may be so manag'd that the Censorious World may be Ignorant of it. Then leaving them to condole one anothers Misfortunes, and contrive for their own Safety, I came to meet you according to our Appointment.*

Most Sinners, said I, find by Experience the Truth of the Old Proverb, *That*
Sweet

Sweet Meats must have Soure Sauce: And I'lls, tho' perpetrated with the greatest Cunning and Security, are seldom Exempt from the Punishment they deserve; as I last Night experienc'd, by a Misfortune attended with such amazing Circumstances as the hazard of my Life, and Distraction of my Senses; which happened as follows,

Having spent the Remainder of the Day (when I left you) after a *Drunken and Libidinous* manner, about Ten a Clock at Night, I stagger'd from my Company, and Rambled about Streets, in Quest of *Common Game*, that the *Wickedness* of the Night might Crown the *Debauchery* of the Day; and that I might continue a *Fashionable Libertine*, in a hot Pursuit of *Vice*, without any Cessation, least an Interval should cool me into Sober Reflecting on my past *Lewdness*, and make me fit for *Bedlam*, rather than a *True Penitent*: And was not long e'er I met with a *Stroling Strumpet*, whose Face, by Candle-light (which commonly gives Advantage to the Female Sex) look'd Plaister'd over with *Pomatum*, and her Lips imbellish'd with a Counterfeit Colour to imitate a Healthful Redness: But, however, the Power of *Lust*, and Weakness of my *Judgment*, render'd e-

very

very thing that appear'd in Petticoats welcome to my Fond Embraces, so that with very little difficulty, I readily engag'd my Condescending *Madam* to accept of my Company, unwarily giving her the Priviledge to Conduct me to what Place her most *Mercenary Ladiship* should think Convenient to spend the whole Night together, in the Reciprocal Enjoyment of each others Company; upon which she took me under the Arm, as Lovingly as a *Citizens Wife* does her Cuckoldly Spouse, & convey'd me very safely into *Salisbury-Court*, where we Travel'd down the Lane as Lovingly, as if we had been *Bed Fellows*, and *Mess-Mates* together, ever since the Miraculous and most happy *Revolution*. At last she carry'd me into a Houfe, where a Burly Black Fellow, with a Countenance as Terrible as the Prince of the *Devils*, bids us wonderfully Welcome, and shew'd us into a Back Kitchen, where the easiest Seat was a *Buffet-Stool*, and the rest of the Furniture fit for nothing but to be Dedicated to the Fifth of *November*, or to the Pious Memory of our Gracious Queen *Elizabeth*. By that time we'd set down, my Mistress tip'd the Wink for some of her belov'd Liquor, and presently in came a middle Ag'd

Haradan,

Haradan, representing the Hostels, charg'd with a Diminutive Quartan of Infernal Spirits, having so many Unlucky Signs in her dangerous *Physiognomy*, as if the Devil had Travel'd thro' the Houses of the Heavens, and had left the Mark of his Cloven-Foot on every Place he Trod upon. The Brandy, or more properly *Kill-Devil*, being Raw, my Mistress complain'd it lay very Cold upon her *Stomach*, and desir'd she might have half a Pint burnt, to prevent her falling into a Fit of an *Ague*, which I, like a very Liberal Gentleman, very readily consented to, or indeed any thing my Insinuating She Compound of *Devilism* was desirous to please her Snuffing Pallate with: Her Dialect was so agreeable to the Appearances of her Person, and the Pestiferous Place, in which we had taken Sanctuary, that I was mightily pleas'd to see every thing answerable to the Wicked Purpose I was thus far Engag'd in. To whatever I said she had a Piece of *Newgate-Cant*, that she made applicable, and Thwarted my *Bawdy-Rhetorick* with as many *May-be-nots*, as a Bungler makes *Why-nots*, in a whole Days Play at *Tick Tack*. Every now and then I heard a Lumbering in the House, and observ'd

serv'd the People every time they came, to look with very busie Countenances. I was mighty Solicitous with Mistress to go up to Bed, but she still Resisted my Importunities by an Interfering Request of t'other Quartan, which I still submitted to; till at last Nature, quite tir'd with the Days Fatigue, and my Brains over-burthen'd with the Stupifying Fumes of our Fiery Devils-Piss, I fell fast asleep, and lay expos'd to the Mercy of my Mercenary Mistress, and her Vile Accomplices; who hoisted me (after what manner I know not) up two pair of Stairs, took off most of my Cloaths, and laid me upon an old Flock Bed, by the side of a Dead Woman, who, I found afterwards, had made her Exit in a *Flux*, and cover'd both up together with an old Loufie Red Rug, where I Slept till near Day-light, by the cold Side of my Defunct Mistress; in which time they remov'd all their Goods, which I suppose needed not many Carts to expedite their Conveyance, and amongst the rest, both my Money, and as much of my Apparel, as was worth their taking; Locks up the House, puts the Key under the Door, and there leaves poor Pill-Garlick snoring, in this hopeful

ful Condition, dreaming nothing of the matter ; the *Watchman* coming by past Four a Clock, gave an Audible Thump at the Door, according to Custom, and the House being empty so encouraged the Sound, that it struck as powerful up to my Ear, as if a Demy-Culverin had been fir'd at the Bed-Head, or I'd been hoop'd up in a Drum between a couple of *Calves-Skens*, and some Body had been beating on't ; in-somuch that it wak'd me, and put me in a great Quondary to think whether I was got ; remembring very well I came into an *Ale-House* with a serviceable Drudge, call'd, a *W—re*, but could not recollect any thing of my coming to Bed ; Extending my Arm a little from my Body. I found I had a Bedfellow ; and the heat of the *Brandy* having very much inflam'd my most Sinful Parts, I began presently to examine what *Old-Nick* had sent me, a Male or a Female ; and finding on't, of the right Sex, to tell you the Truth on't, I began to be wonderful kind, & hug her as close as a *Strenuous Lover* ought to do a new *Mistress* ; but found her very Cold, very Stiff, and very fast Asleep, as I thought ; so believing she had been, like my self, at hard Service the Day before, I even,
like

like a good careful Bed-fellow, cover'd her up warm as I could, and turn'd my self about to take t'other Nap till Day-light, by which time I was in good hopes my Mistress would have Feasted *Nature* with sufficient Rest, and her Frozen Limbs would have recover'd such Warmth, as would have made her fit for Humane Action; having compos'd my self again, I Slept soundly till the Sun had peep above our Horizon, and some-Body came Rattling at the Door, with as much Authority as a *Church-Warden* at an *Ale-House* Knocker, in the middle of Sermon-time, which awak'd me out of my sweet Sleep, and brought me waking into a great many Troubles; I rub'd my Eyes, and began to look about me, and seeing a Bed without Curtains, Walls without Hangings, a Hearth without a Grate, and a Room without Chair or Table, I began to be a little surpriz'd, and turning to my Mistress attempted to wake her, but found her Stiff as a Marble Statue, as Cold as a Snow-Ball, as Deaf as a Mute, and as Blind as a Beetle; in short, as Dead as a Hering; finding nothing in the Room but a *Tin Spitting Pot*, and an *Earthen Bed Pan*; by which I reasonably conceiv'd she Dy'd in her Calling,
and

and between the Distemper and Medicine, Pox and Mercury, was carry'd the Lord knows whether, to give an Account of her Stewardship. All this while some Body-Rattling at Door, as if either a *Counstable* was come for me, or the *Devil* for the Corps; which lamentable Fright, together with the other grievous Circumstances I lay under, had like to have caus'd so great a difference between Soul and Body, that 'twas as much as every I could do to keep 'em in one anothers Company; still hoping there was some-Body in the House, tho', as things appear'd, there was little Reason to believe it; still every half Minute I had a fresh Alarm, and at last venturing down into another Room, found nothing but a Vacancy, having carry'd every thing clear off, but the Dead Carcase of a Woman, which Marry'd Men generally account to be their best Household Stuff: At last I ventur'd to peep out at Window, to see what furious Assailant attack'd our Castle with such a vehement Pulsation; seeing only a single Man, who look'd like a *Rogue*, tho' not like a *Constable*, I ask'd him what he wanted? He told me, *To speak with the People of the House, for that he was the Landlord.* I told him they were not

not within; but he being, I suppose, a Confederate in the Design, was very Peremptory, Vowing, *He would come in, either by Force or Consent; and that if I would not give him Entrance, he would fetch a Constable and break open the Door.* Which, upon good Consideration, I thought better to be opened by fair means; accordingly I went down, took up the Key, which was thrust under the Door, and gave him admittance; who, as soon as he came in, look'd round about him, with a Counterfeit Stern Look, and ask'd, *What was become of the Goods?* I told him, truly I could not tell, but believ'd they were gone with the People. *How,* says he, *pray what do you do in the House if my Tenant be march'd off with his Effects?* In answer to which, I told him the Truth of the whole Story, which, I suppose, he knew well enough before; with which he would not be pacify'd, crying, *I was a Confederate in removing the Goods off the Premises; and that they ow'n him a Twelvemonths Rent, and he would make me pay it, or he would Trounce me for assisting them.* Besides, he did not know but the Woman was Murder'd, and would have me before the Lord Chief-Justice, if I would not comply to give him the Arrears. Which I thought it rather
Prudence

Prudence to submit to, than to stand the Test of the matter, in so scandalous an Adventure; which, if it had reach'd my Fathers Ear, might have been the cause of my Disinheritance; so that I sent to a Trusty Friend for Cloaths and Money, made up the Business, and left the poor Woman, without further Enquiry, to be Bury'd by the Parish.

If such a Trick won't cool the *Lust* of Man, Sure nothing but Age, Death, or Sickness can. Reader, take care of *Filts*, for here you see Living or Dead, they have been Plagues to me.

Three Nights

ADVENTURES:

OR,

Accidental Intrigues.

WHEN once Man gives way to his Unreasonable and Unlimited Desires, the more he requires Diversity of Objects to enliven his Passions, and wholly devotes himself to the Contemplation of *Vanity*, all his Intellectual Faculties grossly abused

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bus'd, by making them subservient to his *Lust* and *Ambition*: This I can assert with an *Experientia Docet*, having myself been extream Subject to the like Absurdities; for, being in the Bloom of my Youth, when *Strength* and *Vigour* is at the greatest height, and *Lust* Lords it with an uncontrollable Command, far more Impetuous than the roaring Billows of a *Tempestuous Sea*, and being sole Heir to a Plentiful Estate, and thereby Master of the World's Idol, Revel'd in *Delight*, and possess all the Country could afford me: For on him

Whom *Bounteous Heaven's* flow'd large *Wealth*,
And hath not Courage to Enjoy himself;
To him it's a Curse, and's far more Poor
That he that Kennel Rakes, or Beggs at Door.

Such was my Fate, till the deluding Reports of this busie Town vanquish'd my *Rural Diversions*, and inspir'd my Roving Thoughts with such vain *Chimera's*, that *Fenny Ely* became as Irksome to me, as *Frosty Age* and *Impotence* to a *Blooming Virgin* of Fifteen: Nay, never was *Imagination* heightened to a grater Itch of *Desire*, for the Enjoyment of *Love's* salubrious Sports, than mine for Hunting after Unknown Pleasures, which flow'd at *London*, but where Strangers to my Fathers Seat, and being

ing in the *Zenith* of my Youth, the large Encomiums of fair *Albion's* Metropolitan City so fir'd my Blood, and made such an Impression on my Thoughts, that I presently requested leave of the Old *Senator*, my Father, to pay her a Visit, and would not be satisfied till I had his Grant; so attractive were her Charms, and so flexible my Temper, that every Moment seem'd an Age, till I had enjoy'd the pleasures this Sovereign of the Universe affords, whose Immence Favours I thought were as Hereditary to me as my Fathers Estate.

When Heaven on the Wiseman *Wealth* bestows,
They *Blessings* are indeed, where *Vertue* flows;
His *Life* runs pleasant, *Peace* doth him surround,
And all his *Days* with mighty *Joy*s are Crown'd:
V'hillst he that's full of *Vice*, and *Money* too,
Is still perplex'd, because he knows not how
To answer right those *Ends* why they were given,
But contradicts the just Decrees of Heaven.

Having my *Pass-Port* Sign'd, and a sufficient Cargo of Bills drawn for the *Darby*, I took leave without any reluctance, and proceeded on my Journey with a joyful Heart; and before the expiration of the Second *Diurnal Rotation*, reach'd *London*, my long wish'd for Port, as welcome to me, as a broken Plank to a Sinking Marriner, or the Annual Commemoration of St. *Crispin*, to

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those numerous *Stirrup Practitioners* of *Sole-Stitching*, consumers of *Belch*, and confounders of *Twine*. At length, being arriv'd at our *Inn*, I had no sooner quitted our *Rumbling Vehicle*, but I was embrac'd by a Friend, who had been advis'd by a Letter of my coming, with orders to prepare me a Lodging, which accordingly was done, near one of our *Inns-of-Court*, much Fam'd for its Noble Order and Sacred Ashes of those Heroick Knights that lies intomb'd with *Martial Honour*, and *Warlike Effigies*, worthy of their Characters, but now much defac'd by *Antiquity*; yet the *Dislocated Marble*, and *Obsoletness* of their *Interment* procures great Veneration from most Spectators. After I had taken a Cup of Cordial Nantz to warm my Intellects, and recover'd the former Agility of my Frozen Pedestals, and Decripp'd Members, occasion'd by the Fatigue of the Journey, and Multiplicity of Company, we took Hack, and were presently convey'd to my *Winter-Quarters*; where my Landlord, by *Vocation*, was a *Promulgator* of *Beds*, and *Upholder* of *Buckram*.

Being Accommodated with a Lodging suitable to my Quality, I soon cast off my Hickish Apparel, and Accoutred
my

my self to the Extreimity of the Fashion; Dismember'd my Caput of its *Sandy Locks*, and adorn'd my Phiz with a *Light colour'd Bush*, that weigh'd near thirty Ounces, and cost more *Tellow-Boys* than would Hood-wink *Justice*, Corrupt ten *Counsellors*, Deflower fifty *Virgins*, and almost Bribe a *Party* to make an *Alderman*; wore my *Rip* and *Hatband* according to the Mode of the Town; Illustrated my Fingers with *Sparkling Diamonds*, and Grac'd my Breeches with a *Noble Watch*, Furnish'd my Wastecoat Pockets with a fine *Shell-Comb*, and *Flattering-Glass*, a curious cut *Essence-Bottle*, as big as a *Three half Penny Viol*, and a *Snush Box* almost as large as the Face of an *Old Andiron*; my *Muff* was about the size of an *Colchester Oyster-Barrel*, and had more Hair on the Skin, than the largest Ox in *Lincolnshire* on his Hide; the Fur was long, and bristled like the Quills of a *Porcupine*, and in my Judgment, more fit to line the Caps of *Butter Boxes*, than for *Beaus* to Burrow their white Hands in: Besides, there may be a *Natural Simpatby* between the Skin of a *Russia Brute*, and the Brains of a *Belgian-Boar*; and doubtless would be very *Ornamental* to the *Temples* of those they are so nearly Allied to, and ac-

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ceptable to their *Frowns*, notwithstanding they are Ridicul'd by our *Coy Ladies*; for *Uncouth Utensils*. By the assistance of all the aforesaid *Impliments* I was so *Transmogrify'd*, that, I protest, I was as Proud of my Ridiculous Garb, as a *Young University Student* of an Old Gown; and as Inamour'd with my self, as an Old *Frizel Pated S—t*, the *Bum-Firker*, is of the *Sodomite Stationer*, near the two *Dissemblers*, not many Leagues from the *Royal-Exchange*; and from a *Clownish Hick*, was *Metamorphos'd* to a *Compleat Nice Beau*.

Being Equip'd with all these *Gaudy Plumes*, and making such an extraordinary Figure, my Appearance, and my Friends Associates, created me such Acquaintance among the *Beaus* and *Belfa's*, that I was as well known at the *Park*, *Play*, and *Chocolate-Houses*, as *R——d* for a *Cuckold* in *Wistminster*; thought my self in a *Second Paradise*, and could not forbear Reflecting on my *Ignorant Hickish Education*, and what time I had lost in following the *Hounds*, from the Enjoyment of the *Fair Sex*, and thereby exempted from the Pleasures of the *Town*, and could harbour no more Thoughts of returning to the Place of my *Nativity*, than a *Naturaliz'd Dutchman* to *Boylond*.

One

One Day, being something Indispos'd, which deter'd me from going Abroad, as I was standing in my Landlords Shop, wrapt in my Morning Trapings, admiring the Numerous Concourse of Passengers, and diverting my self with the Workmen, who was as busie a Stitching on *Fringe*, and Hemming of Curtains, as the *City Marshal* was a Managing his Courser on my *Lord-Mayor's Day*, to make a Figure to the Mob. In the Int'rim stops a Coach at the Door, with two Ladies, attended with *three Liveries*, seeing of which I was mighty Officious, and Conducted them in, with as many Scrapes and profound Cringes as the *Beau Journeyman Mercer* on *Ludgate-Hill*; and they observing a *Rule* in my Hand (which, by Accident, I had taken up) took me for the Master of the Shop, asking, *If those Patch'd Cushions which they sent about four Days ago were made?* I not being willing to undeceive them in their Mistake, but rather to humour it, readily told them No; but assur'd them they would be done towards the Evening, at which time they should be sent Home to their Ladiships House. They answer'd, *'Twas very well*, and order'd me to bring in my Bill; than returning to their Coach, I handed them in with

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as Majestick an Air, as my Lord T——
 Uthers the Ladies out of the Boxes at the
Play Houses; then enquiring of the Ser-
 vants, (who, I perceiv'd, had a hard
 Task to forbear Laughing, while I was
 Discourfing the Ladies) how forward
 they were, they told me, *They believ'd I*
bad Promis'd more than was in their power
to Perform. But to Encourage them to
 make what speed they could, I deposited
 a *George* to Drink the Ladies Healths,
 with a promise to follow it with ano-
 ther of the same Metal and Magnitude,
 if they finish'd the Work according to
 the time, that I might not be baulk'd
 in my Design, which was to assume
 their Masters Place, whom I knew would
 not deny me that Favour. No fooner
 spoke, but in he came, was pleas'd at the
 Mistake, approv'd of the Frolick, and
 granted my Request, cautioning me not
 to be too Talkative on his *Vocation*, lest
 they should Trap me in my Discourse;
 and the Spirit of *Malt* had such an In-
 fluence on the *Steel Bar*, that it out-Ri-
 val'd the *Load-stone*, and made it far
 swifter of motion than a *Weavers-Shut-*
tle, and the hopes of more *Rino*, so aug-
 mented their Diligence, that they *Stitch'd*
 like so many Furies, and out-Labour'd
 a Shop of Taylors on a *Whit-fun-Eve*.
 About

About 8 at Night, after a deal of Pains, some Difficulty, and no small Trouble, this mighty Business was accomplish'd, and by that time my *Landlord* had made his Bill, I accouter'd my self as suitable to the Intrigue as possible I could, abdicated my *Tilter*, and put the aforementioned *Rule* in my Pocket, to make use of it, if occasion should offer, and the Bill in my Embroider'd Pocket-Case; the Work was Pack'd up and sent by a Servant, I took Coach and follow'd according to Direction, and both happened to meet at the Door.

As soon as we enter'd, Notice was given to the Ladies, who sent Word, They desir'd me to walk up; and was presently Conducted into a Stately Chamber, Richly adorn'd with Noble Furniture, and extraordinary Fine Pictures, where was only the two Ladies, diverting themselves with Reading, the one a Play, and the other a Romance; but as soon as I made my approach, I took the Cushions and dismiss'd the Servant, and put on as Cittrish a Countenance, as ever appear'd at Guild Hall on a Midsummer-Day. The Ladies lik'd the Work extraordinary well, telling me, They Found I was a Man of my Word; and desir'd to see my Bill; at which I told them I could never be Guilty of so Base an Absurdity.

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as a breach of Promise to any Lady, but more especially to their Ladyships, to whom I bore so great Respect, that it enjoyn'd me rather to be double diligent in the Performance. Then Lugging out my Case, I fumbled o'er at least 20 Notes before I would find the right, thereby giving them an Opportunity to take Notice of it; and the Multiplicity of my Bills, that they might Conjecture I was a Man of no small Business; as soon as I deliver'd it, they perus'd it over, asking me, If I could afford to make any Abatements? I told them No: Then they Paid me the Total in bright shining Gold; but not half so Charming to my Opticks, as the lustre of their own Beauty.

Then taking me to the Bed, they desir'd my Opinion on the Lining, and Quantity of Fringe that might be in Trimming, for they believ'd they had been severely Cheated and Impos'd on by a Rascally Upholdstier, whom they Employ'd to make it. Now, thought I, I am finely caught in a Snare of my own laying; and since they Censur'd the first for a Rascal, I doubted not but I should undergo the same lash, or be Censur'd for an Ignorant Fool; for I am Confident they had as good ask'd the Grand Turk the same Question, and he as soon could have resolv'd it? But taking Courage, I told them the Lining was but a dull and indifferent
Fancy

Fancy, neither Suitable nor Ornamental; and for the Fringe, I suppos'd there might be about Twenty Yards. How! cry'd one of the Ladies, with as nimble a Clapper as the Old Toy-Woman in Westminster-Hall. Twenty Yards! And Repeating of it at least Twenty times, What a Knavish Fellow was this to Charge us Fifty.

I being sensible of my Error, answered, Pardon my Mistake, Madam, I beseech you, for I understood you as the Trimming of only the Lining and Head-Board, but now I perceive you mean the whole; and give me leave to tell you, he has been very Reasonable, and I am certain there can be no less. This lucky Turn recover'd my Erroneous Judgment: Then, to make it the more plausible, I pull'd out my Rule and Sham-Measur'd the Bassis and Vallens, but calling to mind my Landlord's Caution, soon whipt it into my Pocket again, and was glad I came off so. But, alas! My Mirth prov'd abortive, for such an Inquisitive Devil possess them, that I dreaded a Discovery as much as a Whore a House of Correction, or a Tallyman the Horror of his own Conscience on a Dead Bed; nor was I deceiv'd in my Fears, for I had no sooner given them my Sentiments on the matter, but they desir'd my Judgment on the China-Taffaty, what it might be worth a Yard?

And

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And what the whole Bed flood them in? The Question struck me on such a heap, that I stood as if I had been Planet-smitten, and was as Mysterious to me as the Pronunciation of the Oracle to Oedipus; and the Consequence as Dreadful as the Presence of Old Aegition to the Unfortunate Jocasta: They might as well have ask'd me how many Insects were dispers'd o'er the Surface of the whole Antideluvian Earth, for I understood the piece of China Taffaty, no more than I did the Syrian Language, as you will find by the Sequel; for instead of the China, which was the Lining, I took the outside Curtains in my Hand, not doubting but 'twas that they meant, by reason the Name of the one, and the Work of the other was so agreeable, that I imagin'd it could be no otherwise but the Product of the East, and Labour of some Indian Devil: But I was as much mistaken as the Welshman that Saluted the Monkey instead of the Lords Son; and being extream Rich and Gaudy, I told them, I presum'd the China might cost near Thirty Shillings a Yard, and the Bed stand them in a Hundred Pounds. Lord, Sir, answer'd one of them, you are now as Extravagant in your Judgment, as you was before in the Lessening of it; and I find you design only to Banter us. No, reply'd other the Lady, I perceive it

it rather to be Ignorance than Design; for the Gentleman knows not the *China Taffaty* from the *Wrought Orice*, the Inside from the out by Name, and his Discourse is so absurd, and Knowledge so little, that I Question if he is not an Imposter to his pretended *Vocation*. Now Impudence assist me, cry'd I, and inspire me Nemesis, thou Subtlest Fury, with all thy Cunning Rhetorick, and bring me off with Honour; then making as profound an Obedience, as a Prologuerian Actor to an Audience, I spoke to them after this manner.

Ladies, this Morning 'twas my good Fortune (or rather Happiness let me call it) to be in my Landlord's Shop, when your Ladiships came, and taking me for the Master, I humour'd your Mistake as well as possible I could; and if I have committed any Offence by driving it on so far as to incur your Displeasure, I heartily beg your Ladiships Pardon. Sir, answer'd one of the Ladies, there is no Offence committed, nor occasion for this Apology; and as you design'd it only as a Frolick, I assure you we take it no otherwise; but give me leave to tell you, your Air and Mein discover'd you a Gentleman, notwithstanding you Counterfeited the Mechanick. I protest, Sir, cry'd the other Lady, very Jocularly, Methoughts you

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you handled your Rule very awkwardly, when you measur'd the *Bassis*. I must confess, *Madam*, reply'd I, that way of measuring was out of my Sphere, but I am positive, I could undertake any Method that's capable of being perform'd on a Bed with a Verge Alampde, to any Lady's Satisfaction. At which a Vermillion Blush o'er-spread her lovely Cheeks, and her Eyes pierc'd my Soul with such killing Glances, that I committed a Venial Sin, and wish'd she would try the Experiment. Then the other Lady told me, She Questioned not my sufficiency as to that Point, tho' I was a Novice in the other; Then she withdrew; telling me, she would leave the Lady to Canterize and Censure according to the Character she gave me.

As soon as the Lady was gone, the other fastning the Door, told me She believ'd a Glass of good Burgundy was my chiefest Element, and would be more edifying than our present Discourse. I must confess, *Madam*, answer'd I, Bacchus is no Enemy to Love, but rather a Promoter, in Augmenting our Desires, and Elevates our Passions; but would be needless for me, and ill bestow'd, by reason the Power of your Eyes has so Captivated my Heart from the first Accidental Moment I had the Honour of seeing you, that, had not Almighty Love inspir'd

inspir'd my Thoughts to sham the Upholderer, doubtless e'er now, I had fell Love's Martyr. I vow, Sir, said she, Smiling, you are an extream Passionate Lover; but as Vigorous as you are, I hope you don't think I am Spanish Cut, to yield at the first Onset. No, no, we are not under the Torrid Zone, but in a Cooler Climate, and take more Delibration in Amours; therefore first let's Parly a little o'er a Bottle, for Love, as well as Revenge, may be stop'd in his Career; tho', I must confess, a Supplicating Lover, and Yielding Enemy cannot be Generously resisted. Then going to her Closet near the Bed, I prest her to sit down, and Courted with all the Rhetorick imaginable; telling her 'twas good taking Opportunity by the Fore-lock, and how fatal Negligence oft prov'd to Love; that Time slag'd his Wings when Lovers wait, but when they meet flies with redoubled Speed, and gives too early Date to their Enjoyment; that then, and only then, was the Time to make us happy. She Sigh'd and Strove, I breath'd soft Love in her Bosom, and by gentle Force was Crown'd Love's Victor.

Unwilling to o'ercome she faintly strove,
One Hand pull'd to, what the other did remove;
Forbear,

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Forbear, she cry'd ; ah Gentle Youth, forbear ;
 Yet still she hug'd, and elasp'd me still more near ;
 Ah, will you, will you, force me so ;
 Oh, do not, do not, do not,——let me go.

Oldham.

After we had finish'd our Salubrious Sport, and quast a Jolly Cup to the Bacchanalian God, in Remembrance of the Happy Accident, I took leave of my Lady ; but with as much Regret, as the Love Sick Draper of the Amorous Quaker, both near Neighbours to the Papal Cap ; the one at the Stocks-Market, the other in Fanchurch-Street ; or ever poor Tike went to Tyburn with a Holter about his Neck, instead of his Pocket ; and when I got Home, acquainted my Landlord how I was discover'd in giving my Sentiments on the Bed, notwithstanding I was as Reluctant of my Answers, as an Old Bawd of her Prayers ; which occasioned a great deal of Laughter : But no Account of the Game that we play'd on it, tho' it was by his Consenting to the Frolick I enjoy'd her ; for Honour oblig'd me to be cautious of her Reputation.

The Second Nights Adventure.

NEXT Morning going by my self to take a Dish of Chocolate, at a Coffee-House that I and a particular Friend of mine daily us'd, to Augment my Vigour, and Recruit what I had so lately

lately exhausted on *Love's* Account. No sooner was I sat down, but one of the Boys, who had not been there above a Week, and not being well acquainted with our Names, tho' he knew our Persons, brings me a Letter that was directed to my Friend, taking me for the Party to whom it was sent, and told me a *Porter* had but just left it, with a strict Charge to deliver it safe; I perusing the Supercription, and finding them to be Female Characters, I was Jealous 'twas an Ambassador of *Love*, for I had often heard my Friend speak of an Amour between him and a Young Lady near *L—F—*, but was lately discarded from her Favours, on Suspicion of a Rival. In a Word, I had an itching Desire to see the Contents; and my Curiosity trespass'd so far on our *Friendship*, that I broke open the Seal, and found these Lines.

My Life.

AT Eleven this Night I invite you to the Reward of your Love and Services, and shall bring no more Resistance to your Arms; you will be admitted at the Back Gate; be as silent as the Night, that our Bliss may be as Constant as the Day, and let me beg of you to believe I shall dispence it with a Joy.

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Too great to be Express'd by the Expecting.

E. E.

This confirm'd my Suspicion, and the extraordinary Character of her Beauty, by my Friend, with this kind Invitation to Love's Banquet, created in me such a violent Flame, that like God-like Jove, when he beheld the Beautiful Alomena, I could dispence with nothing but Enjoyment: Love, Honour, and Friend, had a Civil War within my Breast; but Love, Almighty Love, got the Conquest, and Vanquish'd Honour, and the Sacred Tye of Friendship; and since I was already culpable of a Trespass, I resolv'd to widen the Breach by supplying my Friend's Place; tho' the Attempt might prove dangerous, yet I was sensible 'twas easie to be accomplish'd, by reason of her Precaution to be silent, and be a Stranger to her Summons; and tho' I was not positive as to the House, yet I was confident as to the Place, and resolv'd to be very Vigilant in waiting for my Admittance at the appointed Hour.

But whilst I was hesitating on this lucky Mistake, and invoking my kind Stars, and all the mighty Deities of Love, to be propitious to my Designs, in comes my Friend, telling me he was going to Richmond, for a Night or two, for the Benefit of the
Air

Air, and would needs oblige me to go with him; this run Counter to my *Wishes*, and almost *Blasted* my *Hopes*, for he would not be deny'd, till I pleaded extraordinary on the contrary, and desir'd him to excuse me, for I had made an *Assignment* with a *Lady*, and that was the *Appointed Night*; at which he yielded to my *Request*, since I had been so *Generous* in my *Confession*, and told me, He would not, for the *World* intail a *Lover's Curse* on his *Head*, by being the *Author* of a *Disappointment*; but wish'd me good *Success* in my *Amour*, and happiness to our *Sheets*, so departed to take *Horse*, for his *Journey* requir'd haste; tho', I'll be *Sworn*, had he thought his *Mistress* had been the *Lady*, and that I had supplanted him (the expected *Lover*) by *Breach* of *Friendship*, he would hardly have been so *Charitable* in his *Wishes*, but rather have given me the point of his *Toledo*, before I should perform his *Office*; but as *Othello*, in his *Jealous Pang* and *Agony* of *Love*, says, He that is *Rob'd* not waiting what is *Stolen*, let him not know it, and he is not rob'd at all.

At length Home I went on purpose to shun and avoid *Company*, that the *Debauches* of the *Day* might in no wise *Discommode* my *Happiness* at *Night*. But, alas, how slow did the *Bright Cha-*
rioteer

rioteer steer his Course! And how irksome was the Day! How tedious did the dull Minutes move! And what a vast Capacity of Time was comprehended in one Hour! Oh how Rapid was my Flame, the nearer to its Center! How vigorous did my Pulse beat! And what strange Ebullitions rioted in my Blood! How often did I draw out my *Times Interpreter*, and Curse the slackness of his Motion! Nay, Curst the Engravers Fancy for Decyphering Old Time with Wings, when his Impotent Finger mov'd so slow!

At last, Night, dear Night, approached, far more Welcome to me than gentle Showers to the parch'd Plains of Atrick, or Uquebaugh to a poor Teague in a Storm; and drew his Sable Mantle o'er the Declining Day; and when the long expected Hour was come, I hasted with all the speed imaginable to the Happy Place; but could no more guess which was the House, than the Tub Star-Gazer in Moorfields, how many Cornuted Monsters there is in this Populous City; but I walk'd and walk'd to and fro, like a Birchin-Lane Salesman, or a Journeyman Shoe-maker in St. Martins, till I heard a Door open, and a soft Voice cry, Here, Here, then turning about, a convent Female took me by the hand, and
led,

led me thro' a dark Entry, telling me, Her Lady was just gone to her Repose, big with Expectation of my coming. Being convey to the Chamber, my dark Conductress withdrew, and I approach'd the Bed, and, by the Assistance of a small Wax Taper, I Unrig'd with a Lover's speed, and Embrac'd my Charming Inviter, she being Ignorant of the Deceit, Clasp'd me in her Arms, and lay as Languid in mine; she murmur'd soft Love, I eccho'd the same, and administered Delight, till, by our Mutual Embraces, we melted into an Extasie of Joy.

Now I Revers'd my late Sentiments to a contrary Opinion of Father Time, Curs'd the Fleeting Moments, thought him too Vigorous in his Journey, and could have clip'd his Wings, invok'd pale Cynthia to stop her Career; but Oh ye Gods, in vain: Nay, so immense was our Pleasure, that I could have wasted whole Ages in her Bosom, and expir'd in her Arms, had not the fear of a Discovery forc'd me to depart; but before I left her, I engag'd her to be at the Play that Night, and presented her with an Orange on the Stalk, with Leaves of English Growth, and withal, desir'd her to take it in her Hand for a particular Reason to my self, in which I would satisfy her at our next happy meeting.

This

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This I did that I might know my *Juno* without Suspicion, and Advertise her of the Mistake, that the Discovery of it might not prove fatal, either to my Friend or me, and did not doubt but her own Honour would oblige her to conceal it, she Acquiesc'd with my Desire, had no mistrust of the Imposture, by Reason our Words were few, low, and the Chamber almost Obsure.

When I was Drest I was conducted out by the same Emissary, whom, I suppose, waited all the while, least any thing should happen in the interval; and when I had got into the Street, I mark'd the Door with the *Pommel* of my Sword, that I might know the House; and thought to my self, if her Charms was as attractive at the Play, as her Embraces in the Bed, I might boast with *Don John of Austria*, when he came from Enjoying the Fair *Eboli*.

I've had a Feast,
Of which a God might covet for a Taste.

About the usual Hour that Evening I went to the Play, and found my Bright Charmer in the Front Box darting her killing Glances among the numerous Audience, in pursuit of her suppos'd last Night's Adorer, playing with the lovely
Token,

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Token, less fragrant than the Odoriferous Perfumes of her own Balmy Lips; I plac'd my self her Opposite, and was wrap'd at the Thoughts of the Enjoyment of such a Celebrated Beauty, & Immensity of Charms, which last Night made me Master of; and to lose the Happiness of the Continuation of her Favours, was so piercing to my Soul, that I labour'd under greater Agonies of Love and Passion, than the expiring Wretch that's broke on the Wheel with Corporal Pain.

I often met her Glances with as fierce a Flame, but unperceiv'd they vanish'd, and regardless was she of my Sighs; no Sympathy of Passion pleaded for me, nor whisper'd to my Soul the happy Secret. Thus did I languish till the Play was done; and she, I perceiv'd, was as uneasie at her seeming Disappointment, I watch'd her to her Coach, and ask'd her Livery her Name, that by a Letter, I might unfold the Riddle, and prevent with speed, what else might happen.

The Third Nights Adventure.

AS soon as I had lost sight of my Lady, I join'd the departing Crowd in Quest of a Confiding Female, to spend the remaining part of the Evening with, and as the Devil and ill-luck would have it, was presently engag'd by a Black Phiz'd Strumper, and

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and soon agreed to go to the Rose to enjoy our selves. Nature had been extraordinary Liberal to her with her Endowments; she had an Accute Wit, could Cant to Perfection, and well vers'd in all the little Artifices of an Insinuating Harlot, very Blunt in her Discourse, which was larded with Lewdness, and her Tongue with Baudy Rhetorick to a Miracle; doubtless, she hath been a Notary to the Long-Celler in Amsterdam, or she could never be so Case-harden'd in Impudence.

In a word, her Bewitching Sorcery so prevail'd, I became such a Slave to my Lust, that, after Enjoyment, and a good Supper, she desir'd me to let her attire herself in my Accouterments, and I to put on hers only for a Frolick, and to Accompany her to a Lady of her Acquaintance to see how she would Humour it. I being Elevated with Wine, and some thing Enamour'd with her Damn'd Phiz readily consented to her Request, and put it presently in Execution; she was much about my Stature, and the Metamorphos'd Whore made a Compleat Figure, but I as Uncooth a Strumpet as e'er ply'd at Salisbury-Court.

Now, being Master of the Breeches, and indeed, every thing else, she discharg'd the Reckoning, and gave Order for a Coach, into which she Handed me with as much Decorum,

Decorum, as a City Marshal before a Company of Train-Bands.

We were set down near White-Hall; being near the House, as she pretended, and having walk'd with her about a Stones cast, she struck me cross the Face with her Fist, and cry'd out, A Whore, A Pick Pocket: I offered to Retalliate her Civility, but being begint with a Mob, she told them I had pick'd her Pocket of a Watch, and was a Whore, and bid them follow her to the next Tavern to search me: I endeavour to Vindicate my self, but there was no Resisting the Torrent: I told them I was a Man, and be a Whore: He a Whore, and you a Man! Cry'd they; Come, come, this can't be, this is only a Sham; you have bilk'd the Gentleman; and we will Horse-Pound you to rights; but first let's go to the Gentleman at the Tavern, answer'd some: But when we came there, my Confounded Masculine Jilts was not to be found, but had Scour'd off in the Hurley Burley. Then the Mob search'd me, and finding nothing but a Purse of Nature's Trealure, they begg'd my Pardon, and Repented they had not secur'd her; I desir'd the Man of the House to dismiss the Crowd, then sent for my Landlord.

As soon as he came, the Drawer brought him to me, but he seeing not me, as he brought

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started back, saying, A Gentleman sent
 for him, and not a Lady. At which I
 desir'd him to stay telling him 'twas I in
 such a Gentlemans Name, and bid the Fel-
 low withdraw, tho' I had but little reason
 to be Merry, yet could not forbear Smiling,
 and resolv'd to pass for a Woman to him,
 perceiving he did not know me. Sir, said
 I, I've got some Remnants of Velvet, and
 am willing to dispose of them, and you being
 an Upholsterer, may have Occasion for some.
 What Colour is it, Lady? Said he. Black,
 reply'd I. That's the worst of Colours,
 answer'd he, being in Remnants. Yes,
 Faith, said I, and the worst of Bargains to
 me, I am sure, I shall be a considerable
 loser by it. Pray, Madam, cry'd he, let
 me see it? That you do, Sir, said I, 'tis
 about my Head and Shoulders. You Banter
 me, Lady, reply'd he. Not I, I assure you,
 Sir, answer'd I, for I am Bilk'd, and want
 Money to pay my Reckoning, and having
 no other Moveables, must of Necessity part
 with my Hood and Scarf, unless you'll be
 pleased to accept of any other Favour I can
 oblige you in. At which he was very Amo-
 rous, and went to Kiss me, but I was Re-
 fractory, and told him I could grant him no
 Favour till we had made a Bargain. I'll
 accept of your offer, Lady, cry'd he, you
 shall keep your Goods, and oblige me,
 and

and I'll discharge the Reckoning; immediately puts his Hand under my Petticoats, where he soon laid hold of the same Pulse that the Mob found instead of the Watch, which cool'd his Vigour, and made me burst into a Fit of Laughter.

Then he presently knew me, and was not well pleas'd with my Proceedings; but when I had told him how I came to be thus transform'd, the Scence was chang'd, I thought he would have Ridicul'd me to Death; for my Accouterments and other Necessaries were worth at least Fifty Pounds, and those I had in Exchange not Seven; but he according to our Bargain, discharg'd the Reckoning, so we took Hack and departed, and manag'd it so Nicely, that 'twas never discover'd to the Family, tho' I was Damnablely Fatigu'd with it in my Mind, and for the future shall take Care how I trust a Play-House Jilt.

When I came Home, the Servant that waited for me, by some Accident or other, had put out the Light, so that I was forc'd to grope up Stairs in the Dark, like a Benighted-Bacchanalian down Fish street-Hill, at a Fosty Night, to those Topranlin Stews, or rather Dark Mansions of Iniquity, to shelter their Libidinous Carcasses from the Lanthorn Janisaries of City Wards, But when I had

reach'd the Ascent, instead of my own, Chance directed my Steps into my Landlord's Chamber, (both being on the same *Floor*, and opposit to each other) the Door also was left ajar, by reason he was an Officer of the Painted Staff, and that Night represented the Figure of the King, You may suppose I was not long Unrigging, for being Fatigu'd and almost Surfeited with Love's Propensity of Pleasure, I stole to Rest with as much Silence, as, not long before, I flew to its extatick Banquet, and lay something distant from my Landlady, who was neither Aged, nor Youthful, and one would have *thought* should have been more Attractive but taking her for my Masculine Chum, who was a Gentleman, and a Friend of theirs, that lay with me for a Night or two, till other Conveniency serv'd, I devoted my self to Rest, and turn'd my Face outwards of the Bed, presented her with my Fleshly Cushions; an unmannerly Action, I must confesse.

At length when Sleep hung heavy on my Eye-lids, and dull *Morpheus* with his Leaden Signet clos'd, my Opticks; she open'd hers, Sigh'd, Stretch'd, and pull'd me to her with Extended Arms, call'd me her Life, her Dear, and us'd
such

such amorous Dalliances, melting and soft Words that soon after I Recollected my Mistake, was Conscious of my Guilt, and thought to have stole away in Silence, which she perceiving, took faster hold, and cling'd like bird-lime to me, ask'd me the reason. *Why I fled her Embraces, and sham'd the Nocturnal Bliss; Why I would not speak, and meet her Passion with my accusom'd Flame?* At this inviting Language, who, could any longer forbear such Temptations? I could not deny such Intreaties, consider'd, Pity'd Pleading Love, and Languishing Expectation, granted her Request, and us'd the Freedom of a *Husband, nay Lover;* but in our Enjoyment she often ask'd the reason *I came Home so soon from the Watch? Whether I was not well?* For could not impute it to Excess of Love, because I had been so Reluctant at my first approach; and, Faith, I am apt to believe she had just reason to be satisfied in the last Point, for I must confess my Performances were but slack, and not so Vigorous as might be expected, but pall'd in the Amorous Engagement I so lately came from; and seeing she was so Importunate, and there was no way to avoid a Discovery, I thought it best to make
known

known the Mistake; then, with as few Words as possible, I acquainted her with it; at first she seem'd to be very Angry, and much Displeas'd, and would not be perswaded but 'twas a design'd Thing; but I gave her such prevailing Arguments, that she soon acquiesc'd agreed to make a Repetition of the Joy, and graft that faster, which we had so lately Planted; and since 'twas ordain'd her Spouse should be *Corrupted*, there was no controuling Fate.

But whilst I was using my weak Endeavours, and Fine-draw my almost exhausted Vigour to its finest Clue, to satisfy my Craving Bed-fellow, comes Thundering at the Street Door, my Goat-Headed Landlod, with his Staff of Authority, and Kennel of Door-thumpers, making such a Rattling with their Horns, that one would have thought the whole Fraternity of *Cuckolds*, between *Chairing-Cross* and *Aldgate*, were drawn up in a *Batalia*, and a Butting their *Ram Heads* together; or a Regiment of *Train Bands* were a Marching thro' the *Hide-Market* at *Leadenball* on a *Friday*, over their own Fortunes: Nay, there was so many *Good Night Master Constable*, and Scrapes on the Pavement, that I am well assured they did

did more damage in one Night, than all the *Carrs and Coaches* that pass in a Month, and I could almost have wish'd they had known of that Nights Exaltation, that he might have been Serenaded with a Consort of *Lantborns*.

This Alarm gave me sufficient Warning to depart; and, notwithstanding I began the Intrigue in such an Abrupt manner, I took Leave with as Passionate a Decorum as the Time would permit, but not before we had plighted to each other a Verbal Assurance to continue our *Amour* as Opportunity should offer; then I quitted the Bed, and went to my own, where I found another had taken Possession of my Place; and 'tis not to be doubted but they had been at the same Sport, for by the Dawning of the Day, I discover'd it to be our Kitchen Emiffary, whom my Chum, I suppose, (thinking me safe for that Night) had made use of to unvigorate his unruly *Flesh*, and being Lock'd fast in each others Embraces, and tir'd with Love's Recesses, was fallen into a profound Sleep; but I made bold to Wake the Drowsie *Amoretta*, who, as soon as she was Reviv'd from the Lethargick *Slumber*, was as much Surpriz'd to see me as *Jacomo* in the *Libertine*, seeing the

Marble Statue come to Supper at his Master's Invitation; her Conjunctive Partner also Wak'd in this Juncture, and beg'd my Pardon for presuming to make use of my Bed, in Exercising his Faculties; but Laughing, I frankly told him there was no occasion of Apology for a Relax of *Nature*, a thing I'd often been Guilty of my self, and gave them both Assurance it should never be divul'd by me; at which they thank'd me for my Generous offer; then the Obstriperous Female withdrew, whose Unfavoury Fumes, and Nauseous Effluvia's smelt as strong of *Venery*, as a *Spaniard* of *Garlick*, and was endow'd with no more Breëding than a *Dutchman*: I envy'd not his sulsome Happiness; and tho' my Landlady was no Celebrated Beauty, she was no Antidote, as my motly Figure seem'd in my Eyes, by whom the Old Proverb was verified, *Hungry Dogs will eat dirty Pudding*: And by that time I was got between the Sheets, my Landlord came Blundring up Stairs, as if his Horns were already sprouted, and rattled against the Banisters, as an Omen of what his Mate and I had been doing; entering, he fast'ned the Door, and doubtless finish'd what my Imbecility at that time was incapable

pable of performing, and I betook myself to Rest.

These *Adventures* so wrought upon my Spirits, that I could not forbear Reflecting on the Enormities of Youth, and those many Irregularities our Headstrong Passions often involve us into, and the Fatal Consequences that generally attend them. The short Experience I had of the Debauches of the Town, convinc'd me of the Follies of the Age, and that there was no solid Joy, or true Felicity, like that of a *Recluse*; for the Enjoyment of which, I resolv'd to forsake *London*, and Live a Retired Life: But before I abandon'd the Town, I Advertis'd my Friends Mistress of the Mistake, and oblig'd her to Conceal it for her own Honour; then departed with as good a Will, as ever Knife was in a Gammon of Bacon on the *Easter Holidays*.

A Step to the *Bath*: With a Character of the Place.

THE Town and its Diversions being grown as Stale as a Call-off Mistress; and the chiefest of its Inhabitants withdrawn to their *Rural*

Pleasures; and *Duns* as Impudent as *D—* the *Poulterian Officer*: So that being Bereav'd of the one, and Damnably Fatigu'd by the other, Necessity, the Mother of Invention, oblig'd me to take a Country Journey, for *Self-Preservation* sake; having *Money* to spend, tho' none to pay. And the last Summers Expedition at *Tunbridge-Wells*, not agreeing with my present Constitution, and my Inclinations being bent after *Novelties*, I resolv'd to steer my Course *Westward*, to see what Pleasure those *Pools of Iniquity*, call'd the *Bath*, would afford me. In Order for which, I presently took *Hack*, and bid him drive me to that Terrible Sign, the *Sarazens-Head*, in *Friday-street*, where I gave earnest for a Place in the following *Mondays* Coach; but being *Saturday*, and late in the Season, I thought I should have no Reason to curse my *Company*, for mine was the first that was taken: But my *Tun-Belly'd* Hostess, to encourage me, said, *That, notwithstanding 'twas so late in the Week, she doubted not but there would be more Places, taken before Night.*

In hopes of which I left her, to prepare for my intended Journey; and Money being the Life of the Cause, I musterv'd up a prett tolerable Sum, and
for

for the Conveniency of Carriage, converted it into the Noblest of Metals. Then I began to think of the Redemption of several Captivated Necessaries, which an unlucky Accident had brought into Bondage; as an *Ultramarine Joseph*, a *Pocket Monitor of Tompions Composing*, and a *Silver-Hilted Rip* of the *Isebrook's* Temper; three as necessary Implements for a Traveller, as *Goose, Tard* and *Shears* for a Taylor. Well, to *Ægypt* I went, and Redeem'd them from *Slavery*.

And because I would be ready on *Monday Morning* I went to lye at the Inn on *Sunday Night*; and enquiring of the *Tapsier* what Company I was like to have, he said, *More he believ'd than I desir'd*; for there was four Places taken just after I went, and three of the Passengers were in the House, and to lye there that Night; the other was a Merchant of *Bristol*. Then asking what those in the House were? he told me, *Two Gentlemen and their Maid Servant*, who were just a going to *Supper*. Whereupon I bid him go and give my Service to 'em, and tell 'em, I was to Travel with 'em to *Morrow*, and would take it as a great Favour if they would please to Honour me so far, as to admit me into their Company, for I was alone. The Fellow brought Word, *They desir'd*

desir'd me to walk in, and they should be very glad of mine. This being what I wanted, in I went; and after a few Ceremonial Complements, I told them, I was afraid I should have gone alone, but now I found I should be Bless'd beyond my hopes, in having the Honour, or rather Happiness of their Compady. I wish, Sir, reply'd one of them, it may answer your Expectation, for our Sex is counted but very indifferent Company to Travel with, and you are like to be Fatigu'd with three of us. As for Children, and Testy Age, Madam, answer'd I, I agree in the Opinion; but otherwise, Condemn it as Erroneous: And for your Number, the more the Merrier. That's according as it proves, Sir, said she; neither would I have you flatter your self too soon, lest your hopes should prove abortive, but rather refer you to Old Saffold's Advice, Read, Try, Judge, and speak as you find. I must confess, Madam, answer'd I, Experience is the best Touchstone; but I shall be mightily deceiv'd in my Politicks, if it does not make good my Assertion. I presume, Sir, says the other Lady, you have studied Saunders, and are well vers'd in Physiognomy, or you could never pretend to so much Fore-Knowledge. At which I crav'd the Honour of seeing her Hand, telling her

her I had some little skill in *Palmestry*, by which *Art* I perceiv'd she requir'd not much *Castration*; which made them both *Laugb*: And the first Lady ask'd me, *If I had any Skill in Chiromancy, for the same Author profess'd both*. I told her no; but was satisfied she had; for her Charms had rais'd such a Spirit in me, that I knew not how to lay it without her assistance. *I never understood Magick, I protest, Sir,* reply'd she, *and am mightily afraid of a Spirit; Therefore let's Discourse no more of such unruly things, that neither of us know how to Govern*. Your Power is as absolute in laying as in raising them, Lady, answer'd I; but since 'tis your Pleasure, your Command shall be Obey'd, and I'll shape my Discourse to what Subject you please.

But Supper coming in, they desir'd me to sit down with them; and having more Manners than to refuse so good a Proffer, I comply'd with their Request, and fed very Heartily. The Glass went briskly about, that we were as Merry as a Knot of *Jovial Tinkers* over a Cup of *Nappy-Ale*, and I began to like my Company extraordinary well; but the *Charming Inchantress* and I interchanged so many *Leering Ogles*, that I could hardly mind our Discourse; yet I understood

derstood so much, that she was a Widow, the other a Wife, and both Sisters, and also Strangers to the Place they were going to, as well as I; and had no other Call but *Recreation*; but I was for fulfilling the Scriptures, in Comforting the Widow. Supper being ended they call'd for a Bill, which was presently brought; out I lug'd, and was going to Discharge, but they beg'd my Pardon, and would by no means suffer me; telling me, *I must submit to the Rule that is generally observ'd in Travelling, for the Major of either Sex to Treat the Minor.* I must acknowledge, Ladies, said I, 'tis an old Cusom so to do, but we are not now on the Road; however that avail'd not, they pleaded the *Prerogative of the Majority*, and carry'd it *Nolens Volens*. Seeing they were so Resolute, I dispenc'd with the Affront, considering I had often put up a greater, and would not press to hard, lest it should prevail; but that was a needless Thought, for the Young Widow drew from between her *Snowy Breast*, a Purse cram'd as full of *Yellow-Boys*, as a *Clark* of a *Market-Bag* of *Copper-Johns*, and discharg'd the whole. Seeing of which, I thought I could do no less, in Honour, than call for my Flask; craving leave

to present them with it as my *Foy*; and being Elevated with the *Noble Juice*, we were as *Jocond* and *Frolicksome*, as a *Country Vicar* at a *Gossiping*. In came *Wine* without disputing who should pay for it. But at last, *Night*, the *Lovers Bliss*, and *Bane of Good Company*, oblig'd us to withdraw to our *Chambers*. Upon which I told the *Ladies* I should think the *Time* very tedious till I should be so happy as to Enjoy their *Good Company*. *We are apter to believe, Sir*, answer'd they, *you will think the Journey so, by reason of the Dullness of it*. Say what I will, *Ladies*, said I, you *Foil* me with my own *Weapons*, and are pleas'd to *Retort* my *Words* to their own *Center*. So after a *Profound Cringe* or two, with a *Gripe* of the *Paw*. and as many *Amorous Glances* at my *Charming Widow*, who return'd me the like, we parted; But never any happy *Bridegroom* long'd for the approaching *Night*, more than I for the succeeding *Morning*.

No sooner had I enter'd my *Chamber*, but I found a *secret Passion* had possess'd my *Soul*, and I was all on *Fire*: *Ye Powers*, cry'd I, *what strange Feaver's this that rages in my Breast, and riots in my Blood? Not liquid Fire, by its first cause fomented, burns fiercer in Earths center, than I flame within. Tame this unruly Flame, or touch her Heart that first kindled it, with a Coal from the same Altar*. Nay, 'tis impossible to relate how violent my *Passion* rag'd, but in *Love* I was, that's certain, but whether her *Purse* or *Person* begat this *Flame* is a very nice *Question*, and I protest I know not; for, as *Mr. Cowley* says,

Gold alone does Passion move;

Gild Monopolizes Love.

For *Gold* has irresistible *Charmes*, as well as *Beauty*, and is of an attractive *Nature*, and 'twas probable that *Purse* was a *Prologue* to a far greater

ter Sum, so consequently must have some Operation, not but the Ladies were very Amiable, in the bloom of vigorous Youth; had no mean Air; free without reserve in their Conversation; and their Deportment declared them of no vulgar Quality. But the charming *Golden Widow* was the Idol of my Soul, subject of my Thoughts, and center of my VVishes.

By that time Forked *Cynthia* had withdrawn her Influence, and bright *Aurora* rose from *Thetis* Lap, I shook off the drowsie God, and blest the joyful Day. Looking out of my Window, I perceived they were preparing for our Journey, which made me Rig with all imaginable speed; and as I was going down, who should I meet but my *Cherubimical Widow*, equip'd like a *Goddeß*, and adorned with Ribbon like the *Fore-Horse* of a *Country Team*? After we had given each other the Time of the Day, Lord, Sir, said she, *are you but just up? Why we are almost ready to go; certainly you Slept very sound.* No, Madam, answered I, since I have had the Happiness of seeing you, Rest has been a Stranger to my Breast. *Have I disturbed you, Sir?* said she, *If so, I ask your Pardon, and am sorry for it.* Oh, Madam, said I, you are Innocant of the Crime, yet Guilty of the Fact: You have Robbed me of my Rest, Fired my Blood, and Stolen my Heart, see how it hovers over your panting Breast, and fain would gain admittance. *I vow, Sir,* answer'd she, *your Discourse is so Mysterious, that it wants another Oedipus to unfold. And what you charge me withal is a false Accusation, for I have no Vacancy to entertain it.* Ah, Madam, reply'd I, I could soon convince you of your Error, If you would give me leave to search in a certain Corner you have about you. At which she Blushed, and said, *I was mightily mistaken; but if it were so,*

so, since it was ignorantly Committed, and without any premeditated Design, she hoped I would be so Generous as to forgive her. Never, Madam, said I, unless you vouchsafe to cast an Eye of Pity, and commiserate the Condition of your Languishing Lover. O fie, Sir, answered she, *this is meer Railery, only for your Diversion, a thing customary with you General Lovers, in whom every new Face creates a new Flame; of the Libertines Opinion, that thinks a Woman, after she is once Enjoy'd, grows Dull and Insipid; and what you have now so solemnly pretended to me, is no more than you have already done to half our Sex; if possible; and as such I take it.*

By my Soul I thought she was a Witch by her guessing so right, and was going to tell her so, for every Syllable she utter'd was as true as an Oracle. But finding by her Parlying I had made a Breach, I resolv'd to Storm the Castle. If you harbour any such Thoughts of me, Madam, answer'd I, by Heaven you do me wrong; for so pure is my Flame, and so assiduous my Passion, without you give me speedy hopes, I shall fall a Sacrifice to your Disdain, and Phoenix like, expire in my own Flame. 'Tis but breathing a Vein, Sir, said she, and your Fever will soon abate. Oh, Madam, cry'd I, how can you be Cruel? You gavé the Wound, but administer a contrary Cure. VVrack me no longer thus with Doubts and Fears, reither etaliate me in the same Nature, or pronounce my Doom; for on your Lids my Fate depends. Indeed, Sir, answered she, *that requires more Consideration than the Time will admit of now: Yet take this for your satisfaction, if your Character and Quality answers your Appearance, and your Passion be real, you need not dispond of the entertainment of that Trifle you are pleas'd to charge me withal, but it*
shall

shall find a Reception suitable to its Merits. At which she Sigh'd, and said, *Our Company waited for us, but in the Evening would take an Opportunity to Discourse further of it.* Now, Madam, you have rais'd my drooping Spirits to an extacy of Joy, said I, and then we separated, and joyn'd our Company, who were preparing an Antidote against Fasting, which we had no sooner compleated, but were called on to board our Leathern-Conveniency, and were pen'd up like Beasts in the Ark; but I took care to have my Mistress, my Opposite, and being settled, *Whip* proceeded on his Journey, and having a plentiful Mornings-Draught, drove like *Jehu*, and soon convey'd us to the Sign of *Englands Champion* at *Colebrook*, an Inn famous for an *Hostess*, and *extravagant Bills* for *short Commons*.

Having refreshed our selves with a good Breakfast, we re-entered our Coop, and was but very indifferent Company, for our Masculine Traveler, the Married Lady, and Mrs. *Betty* the Chamber-Maid, had a long Game at Noddy: However it presented me with several Opportunities of saluting my Widow, and exercise abundance of Palm-Leachery; but being come to *Redding*, we Din'd at the *Canonical-Nab*, where our Landlord was as remarkable for his Bulk, as our late Hostess for her Tail; formerly he was a profest Baptist, but being chose one of the *Head Loobies* of the Corporation, he renounc'd his Religion, embraced the Faith, and was Christen'd *Lumpus*; his Corps is of the size of a *Rhinocores*, measures full three Yards in the Waste, and his Legs bigger about than the Pillars of the Town-Bridge; the Doctor of the Parish hath Excommunicated him from the Church, because his Snoaring not only drowns his Voice, but disturbs the whole Congregation. Being depriv'd of the Church,

he

he then took the Flesh, and is reported to have overlaid three of his Servants. Having now stock'd our selves with Substantial *Belly-Timber*, and Liquor'd our *Whistles*, we pursu'd our Journey, and were more Sociable; the Ladies oblig'd us with severall Songs, which they perform'd with an Excellēt Voice, and good Judgment. But my Thoughts were chiefly Ruminating on the Fair Object before me, and how to manage my *Amour* at Night, every fresh Glance discover'd conceal'd Beauties, nor was she unsensible of my Anguish, for her Repeated Sighs betray'd her Yielding Heart.

And our *Merchant* took Notice of her Sighs, and ask'd her the Reason; she told him, 'Twas only a *Foolish Custom*; but I believe, had he ask'd me, I could have given him a better Account. But to pass the time away, we engag'd Mrs. *Pert* to Sing a Song, and our Merchant and I promis'd to tell a Story: She pleaded she could not Sing, but would oblige us in relating a very strange Accident lately Discover'd; which was as followeth,

About fifteen Years since, there was a Noted Tradesman near *Aldgate*, had two Children, a Son and a Daughter, the Son was Aged about Fifteen Years, and the Daughter Twelve, he had a desire to put his Son Prentice to some good Trade in the City, and gave him his Choice, but he was very much Averse to it, his Inclinations being altogether for the Sea, and nothing would serve him but a Tarpaulin Master. At last his Father, with much Regret, consented to it, and put him to a Master of a Ship that was bound for a Trading Voyage up the *Streights*: At which the Young Man was extraordinary Glad, took Leave of his Friends, and went Abroad with great Joy; but before three Months was expir'd,

Newa

News arriv'd that they were Taken by the *Algerines*, from whom, at that time, there was no Redemption. The News of which, and a considerable Loss the Old Man had lately sustain'd by Fire, not only reduc'd his Condition to a mean Subsistence, but broke his Heart, nor did his Wife long Survive him; and with the Remains of their decay'd Fortune, the poor *Orphan* was put to a *Sempstress*; but before her Time was expir'd, one of *Exeter* fell in Love with her, Marry'd her, and took her with him to *Exon*, unknown to her Friends or Acquaintance; in a few Years after he left her a Widow, no Children, and but little to Trust to; which to improve, she set up her Trade, and maintain'd herself very handsomely, living in Good Credit. But her unhappy Brother, who had the misfortune to be a Slave, was bought by one that liv'd several Leagues up in the Country, never having an Opportunity of sending to *England*, his Friends despair'd of ever seeing him again, and gave him over for lost, But see how *Providence* order'd it, his Master Died, and by reason he had been a good Servant, not only bequeath'd him his Liberty, but also a great Sum of Money to maintain him and his Mistress, who had often given him several Evident Testimonies of her Affections, wou'd have Marry'd him, provided he would renounce his Religion, and embrace the *Mahometan*, which he deny'd to do; but her Love was so violet, or rather Lust so raging, that it over-flow'd the Bounds of *Modesty*, and by the Allurements of her Gold, intic'd him to satisfy her Exorbitant Desires, by which means he had gotten a very considerable Estate. But the Natural Inclination for his own Native Country, and great Desire to see his Friends, out-Ballanc'd the Embrace of his Mistress, whose Gold was more prevailing than her

her *Charms*, and came the first Opportunity for *England*, and in a short time arriv'd at *Plimouth*, the next Day reach'd *Exon*; and having present occasion for some Linnen, he accidentally goes into his unknown Sister's Shop, and furnish'd himself, then Posts for *London*; where, to his great Grief, he found, as I have already related; and by no means could get any Information of his Sister, his long Absence not only bereav'd him of his Friends, but also of his former Acquaintance; that he was become an *Alien* in the Place of his Nativity. The Deprivation of which was an extraordinary Trouble to him, and the only way to redress it, he thought would be to alter his Condition; he Coveted not *Riches* but *Content*, to Compensate for his hard Fate. But, Oh, how often are we deceiv'd in our Expectations, and our Hopes frustrated by an *All-Seeing Power*? His Fancy presented none so Charming in his Eyes as the *Exeter Widow*: Nay, so great was his Passion, that immediately goes down, Courts her, and in a short time Married her, brings her up to *London*, takes a House, and liv'd very happily together, had two Children by her; and no Discourse as yet of their Parents happen'd between them: But see how *Fate* order'd it! Not long since, as he was walking by *Fleet-Ditch*, he espies his Fathers Picture expos'd to Sale among Old Goods; which presently he brought, and made a very strict enquiry where they had it, thinking thereby to trace his Sister, but 'twas so long since they bought it, that they could give him no Account; however, he imputed it to be a very Lucky Accident, had it brought Home with him, and with abundance of Joy shows it to his Wife. Telling her 'twas the Picture of his Father, and how Accidental he came by it: At which she was mightily surpriz'd, and told him,

him, *If that was the Picture of his Father, which Heaven forbid, she was his own Natural Sister*: He, astonish'd at this dreadful News, ask'd her a few more Questions, she resolving of which confirm'd the Discovery, and hath involv'd them into a greater deal of Trouble and Consternation of Mind; for the Ease ment of which, they have had the Opinion of several Learned Divines; who advise them to joyn no more in their incestuous Bed, but live after the Natural Bonds of Affinity, and since 'twas Ignorantly committed, it mitigated the Crime, and they were the more to be pittied; and none could be so Barbarous, as to reflect on their happy Off-spring. But 'tis to be fear'd it will prove fatal to them both, for they labour under an Agony of Mind, that nothing but Death or Distraction is expected.

Her Story being ended, the Ladies confirm'd it, and declar'd they knew the Parties; and it had not been discover'd above two or three Years; but while we were Commiserating their hard Fate, we came to a Village call'd *Theal*, and stopt at old Mother *Cleanly's*, at the Sign of the *Divine Clamour*; as Noted a House for *Bottle-Ale* and *Plumb-Cakes*, as the *Folly* on the River of *Thames* for *Bad Wine* and *Lewd Whores*: Nay, *Slash* declar'd, *He dares no more pass by without calling, than the Forked Animals miss Cuckolds-Point, in their Journey to Horn-Fair*: But having Participated, and given our Approbation on her Commodity, we Travel'd on, and our *Bristol Merchant* told us, *He presum'd we were a going to Bath for Diversion; but his Journey to London was such a Novelty, that 'twas scarce to Parallel'd, and notwithstanding it had occasion'd him a great deal of Trouble, it might Divert us*: With that we desir'd him to relate it, which he presently did after this manner.

The

The Place of my Habitation you already know, of which I have been a Merchant almost this thirty Years; am a Widower; and have several Children; but my Eldest Son being very desirous to live at *London*, I put him to an Eminent *Dra-per* in C——, but before he had serv'd half his Time, he kept such high Company, and was acquainted with so many Rakes of the Town, that his Master was as weary of him, as he of his Master; so I was oblig'd to take him Home, and bring him up a Merchant, but the Infection he receiv'd at *London*, made too great an Impressi-on to be discharg'd by my Documents, which often occasion'd no small difference between us; about a Month since, having some urgent Busi-ness in *Wales*, which requir'd my Absence for at least twelve or fourteen Days, I left my Daugh-ter to manage my Domestick, and he my other Affairs, and took my Journey; but that Night I left him, he sends Word to all my Correspondents at *London*, that I was Dead, (as I understood since) and that he should be with them in a short time, for his Father having left him a plentiful Estate, he design'd to leave off Merchandizing. This News stastel'd my Acquaintance, and they set him several Letters of *Condolance*; and my Death pass'd as Currant on the *Exchange*, as if it had been Sworn by twenty *Irish Witnesses*. My Daughter who kept my Cash, sent him a Letter of Advice, of the Payment of some Bills I had drawn upon him, which he receiv'd and answer'd; he also intercepted the Letters I sent to his Sister and about 6 Days before I came Home, take fifty Pound of my House Cash and Posts for *London*, and before he appear'd in Publick, Cloath'd him-self in deep Mourning, visits my Correspondents, tells them, *He came to Administer*; and takes up of my *Goldsmith* 1300 *l.* who paid it him all in Gold,

Gold, as he requested ; having accomplish'd his Ends, cast off his Mourning, new rigg'd, and now I hear he is gone for *Rome*, to assist at the *Jubilee*; but when I came Home, missing him and my Money, I presently conjectur'd he was gone for *London*, and was afraid he would take up more, therefore made all the speed I could after him, to prevent it, but he was too nimble for me ; my Acquaintance was all possess'd with a *Pannick Fear*, and so surpriz'd, that they took me for a Spirit, and would hardly believe their own Eyes ; but I soon convinc'd them of their Mistake, and they me of my Sons Proceedings.

And this is generally the Product of sending our Children to London : Well, had 'I forty, I'd never send any of them to London again : Now he is gone loaded with Gold to Rome ; perhaps, about a Year or two hence, I shall have him return as light as a Common Strumpet ; as shabby as a Broken Officer ; and as foppish a City Beau ; but I will never look on him again. Make no rash Vow, however, Sir, said I, lest you repent it ; [for Nature will prevail) he may return a very accomplish'd Gentleman, for Traveling conduces much to Education. Yes, answer'd he, as going to the Dancing-School does Young Wenches, who, if they have but a little Money are presently catch'd up by some Hopping Coxcomb or other, that hath nothing to trust to, but a pair of Rotten Shanks, which are scarce able to support his Wavering Carcase. I find, Sir, reply'd one of the Ladies, yru have a great Aversion to London Education, and the very thoughts of it gives you the Spleen? Pray what is the BATH for a Nursery? For during the Season, that is a Place of great Resort. Why, answer'd he, That's out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire ; and as Eminent for Wickedness as Lodon, having its Magnitude. With that I told him, I perceiv'd he harbour'd

harbour'd no better Opinion of the Tuition of his own Country, than of our *Metropolitan Seminary*; and my Story would but augment his Disgust, or

Now being got to the End of our Stage for that Day, we referr'd mine for the next, and *Newbury* was as welcome to us as *Michaelmas-Term* to the *Bauling Quill-Drivers*, after the long *Vacation*: Our Quarters was at the *King of Beasts*, and after we had Saluted our Ladies, and bid them Welcome to *Newbury*, we view'd our Chambers; gave order for our Supper; and refresh'd our selves with a Glass of good *Burgundy*; and having some spare time, our Merchant went to Visit a Friend in Town, and I gave the Ladies an Invitation to take a Walk, which my Mistress was willing to, but her Sister, being somewhat indisposed after her Journey, desir'd to be excus'd; and as Good-Luck would have it, the Maid was oblig'd to stay with her: So my Charming Widow, after she had dismantled herself of her Riding Accouterments, and I augmented the weight of my Bush, by almost half a Pound of Powder, was ready to March; our Landlord understanding we were disposed for a Walk, convey'd us out at his Back-Gate, where we found a most delicate *Groto* of *Nature's*, not *Art's* Composing, half environ'd with a murmuring *Brook*, whose Purling Stream created a most Melodious Harmony, and the whole Composure seem'd a second *Paradise*.

Having walk'd a turn or two, I thought it convenient to put my Widow in mind of her Promise. Pardon my Presumption, Madam, said I, in taking the Boldness to put you in mind of this Mornings Conclusion, for no fitter Opportunity than now can present itself; here we are retir'd, and the place seems to be Dedicated for the same

purpose. *Sir, answer'd she, how can I be assur'd your Passion is real, since your Acquaintance is so slender, in which if I should be deceiv'd, how shall I be Ridicul'd by the Censorious World?* I presume not, *Madam, reply'd I, to lay any Claim of Meriting your Esteem, as to the Quality of my Person; nor yet am I so despiseable in my Descent or Fortune, to Incur your Disdain. But Love, Almighty Love, who knows no Bounds or Equals, is my Plea; and notwithstanding my Love is of so late a Date, it is as pure as Vestal's Flames, and firm as Fate, and all my Pretensions Honourable.* *If so, Sir, said she, I do agnize your Passion, and return you mine; for Blushing I must own it, when first I saw your Face, an unusual Flame seiz'd my Heart, and kindled in my Breast unknown Desires.* At this Confession I flung my Circling Arms about her Lovely Waste, and almost stiff'd her with Kisses. What then remains, *cry'd I, my Life, my Soul, but to quench our Desires, and delay our Bliss no longer?* At which she started back, and told me, *She had thought, or she was mistaken, before she reveal'd her Passion, I declar'd I design'd nothing but what was Honourable; if so what means this unruly Proceeding?* Only the extream Ardour of my Flame, *my Dear, answer'd I; for who can behold the Tempting Tree, and forbear to pluck its Lushious Fruit? Not till the Priest hath made it Lawful,* *Sir, said she, For fear, ——— Oh, for fear, ———* By Heaven, and all that's Sacred, *Madam, cry'd I, those fears are needless; for sooner shall the Silver Morn forget to Dawn, the Glorious Sun to steer its Course, than I prove False to you.* What then should hinder us now from satisfying our craving Appetites, before the Sluggish Priest hath crav'd a Blessing. At which she sunk into my Arms, and by her Dying Eyes gave her Consent;

Consent; then calling to mind the *Alacrity* to be us'd in *Courting a Widow*, and that might now be the *Critical Minute*, I laid her down on *Natures Carpet*, and made bold with *Mother Earth* for a *Bolster*; and notwithstanding all her faint Resistance, rifled her Joys, roving thro' all the hidden *Labyrinth of Love*, and by our *Mutual Embraces* quench'd our fierce *Desires*, then Coo'd and Bill'd like a Pair of *Amorous Doves* Swearing *Eternal Constancy* afresh, and to tie the *Gordian Knot* the first Opportunity.

But in our Discourse I took an Occasion to make a Scrutiny into her Affairs, that I might understand what Bargain I was like to have, if I performed my Promise. She told me, *She had been a Widow near two Years; had no Child; was worth 3000 l. and liv'd with her Sister, who was Marry'd to a Gentleman near Hackney; and living so far off was the Reason they lay at the Inn last Night.* This News, methoughts, augmented her Charms, and having enjoy'd the Shadow, I hop'd, in a short time to reap the *Golden Substance*. Having out staid our Time, a Messenger came to desire us to make haste, for our Company and Supper waited for us: But when we came, and had given them an Account of our Pleasant Walk, and Description of the *Delightful Grove* (but not a Word of the *Paradise of Love*) they seem'd to be sorry they did not go along with us (that neither of us was, I am certain.) Having Supt, they brought us a Bill, which was as Reasonable as a Reckoning at a *Hosier-Lane Bawdy-House*, during *Bartholomew-Fair*; for a Brace of midling *Trouis*, they charg'd us but a Leash of Crowns, Six Shillings for a Shoulder of *Mutton* and a Plate of *Gerkins*; Three and Sixpence for Six *Rowles*, and 3 Nipperkins of *Beitch*; and two Shillings more for

Whip, in Drinking our Healths: Their *Wine*, indeed was good, so was their Price; and in a Bill of two Pound four Shillings, they made a mistake of Nine: I ask'd what Country-Man my Landlord was? Answer was made *Full North*; and Faith 'twas very evident, for he had put the *Yorkshire* most Damnably upon us. But being to Rise very early, we went to Bed soon after we had supp'd, and was call'd by break of Day. My Widow presented us with a Pot of *Chocolate* of her own preparing; and filling my Dishes fuller than ordinary, I conjectured 'twas for my good *Performances* dash'd with a little *Self-Interest*; after which we recruited our Bottle, and renew'd our Journey; but I marked his Gate with a Cross as red as the Sign; and before we had Travell'd a Mile, the Ladies laid Claim to my Promise to relate my Story, which I was oblig'd to perform, and was thus:

There was a very Eminent Shopkeeper in *Westminster*, had the Misfortune to have an extravagant Son, who, by his continual Profuseness, consum'd a great many Bags of a certain *Commodity* much better than *Cherry-Stones*: He was not only very indulgent to him, but maintain'd his Family; he being of a roving Mind, could not confine himself to Business, but went from his Father and Family, chang'd his Name, and Rak'd about the Town; but by Accident got acquainted with two Young Women, who kept Shop on the *Royal-Exchange*; the Youngest of them he Courted for a Wife, and in a short time Married her, made an extraordinary Figure, but he had not enjoy'd her long before 'twas discover'd, and he oblig'd to live with his first, who was no ways deserving of such an unkind Action, but rather worthier of a better Husband; and being ask'd the reason why he would offer

to commit *Poligamy*? He answer'd, *Tho' Plurality of Cæſars was not ſafe for a State, Plurality of Wives could be no Crime.*

But the poor Young Woman was very much diſappointed; all her Hopes blaſted, and her promiſing Imaginations prov'd vain *Chimera's*. For he, in a little time after, abandon'd both, and took a Trip to *Jamaica*, where, in three Months, he Married a Rich Widow, worth at leaſt 7000 *l. Sterling*, and before three Years was compleated ſhe made her *Exit*, which he eſteem'd to be the happieſt Day in all his Life; and the only Mark he aim'd at. Now being Maſter of a plentiful Eſtate, he ſoon converted it into the Commodity of the Country, and Sail'd for *England*, with a Joyful Heart, and proſperous Gale; and upon his Arrival at *London*, found himſelf a double *Widower*, and his *Exchange Wife* Married to a *Dutchman*, who was Enamour'd with her *Phiz*, that notwithstanding he had heard of her Miſfortune, he ty'd the *Nooſe*, and became one Piece, tho' of two very different Conſtitutions. She was Young and Airy, and Married him more for the ſake of his Money than Perſon; he Old and Impotent, and as jealous as a *Spaniard*, by which her Condition was much worſe than before; for on the leaſt Diſtaſte he would be reflecting on her former Huſband, who had not ſeen her ſince the diſcovery, nor ſhe him, but heard of his Succeſs, tho' not by what means he attain'd it; and was extream ſorry ſhe had contracted the laſt Marriage; but he having a deſire to ſee her, tho' not to take her again as a Wife, and thinking Time, Abſence, and the alteration of his Attire and Hair, (for when he liv'd with her he wore his own, but now a full Wig) was Diſguiſe ſufficient to conceal him from her Knowledge; goes

to the Shop; and she Congratulated him with the Complement of, *What do you want Sir? Two very necessary things, Madam, said he, Clean Gloves and a Pretty Wife; and I presume you may supply me. Of the first Sir, answer'd his Wife, we have choice; but the last is a very scarce Commodity, and very difficult to be had. I was in hopes, Madam, reply'd he, you could have furnish'd me with both; but more especially the last. But she and her Partner both knew him, contrary to his Expectations: Sir, said her Partner, I am perswaded you have no occasion for a Clog; for so a Wife is generally Term'd. But such a pretty Lady as this is, would be counted rather a Blessing, Madam, answer'd he. You wrong your Judgment very much, Sir, reply'd his Wife, for Nature has not been so liberal to me in her Endowments as you are pleas'd to flatter me withal. Besides, I am a Wife already; and here the dull Animal comes. As he approached the Shop the other spoke to him after this manner: I have been Courting this Lady for a Wife, Sir, but I find you are so happy as to be before hand with me. That is more than he knows, Sir, said she, Smiling. By which he perceiv'd they knew him; but her last Husband being Ignorant who he was, took it as a great Affront, and in a mighty Passion abus'd her in a very high Degree; and upbraided her with her first Husband; which so grated his Spirits, that it reviv'd the glowing Embers of his Love, and the conceal'd Sparks broke out into a violent Flame. Thou Mercenary Villain, said he, to upbraid thy Wife with what her Innocence was Impos'd on; and as I am the Man that was the Aggressor, I'll do her that Justice to make you ask her Pardon, here Publickly, on your Knees: Or by Heaven, this Moment is your last. At which he drew his Sword,*

and

and the glittering Steel so scar'd poor *Hogan*, that he presently fell on his Marrow-Bones, crav'd her Pardon, and was glad he came off so. Now, *Madam*, said he to his Wife, *had not you been so Dishonourable to me on the Discovery of my Contract with you, I wou'd have freed you from the Embraces of this Insipid Coxcomb; but since you are so unkind, I can only Console your second Misfortune, who was so Ungrateful to me in your first; then departed, and left the poor Butter-Box to be Ridicul'd by the whole Society of Thimberkins. A Friend of mine was an Eye Witness of this, and knew both the Husband and Wife. Without doubt said the Gentleman, this Spark was one of Solomon's Race, and London's Master Piece. Oh, Sir, 'tis Reported he is very much Reform'd to what he was; and lives very Sober and Sedate. Then it ought to be Chroniell'd for a Miracle, said he.*

But being come into the Rocky Descent into *Marlborough*, we were so Damnably jolted, that our Merchants Pocket-Comforts vanish'd, and the Brittle Metal was shatter'd into a thousand pieces; for the Loss of which, I intail'd such a hearty Curse on the Place, that never since hath a Coach pass but it overturn'd; a Waggon, or Cart, but it breaks either *Wheel or Axletree*; a Horse but he stumbles; and all the Beasts that Graze near, Dye of the *Murrain*: At last, with the help of a couple of Gigantick Loobies, to support our Tottering Caravan, we got into the Town, and tipp'd them a Hog for our safe Conduct.

Being come to *Marlborough*, we broke our Fast at the *Royal-Diadem*, and had Mr. Mayor for our Landlord, a Good Jolly *Bacchanalian*, who had bestow'd more in Aorning his *Phiz*, in the *Market-House* cost Building; and be-

ing a Magistrate, I made a heavy Complaint against that Cursed Hill, Demanding Satisfaction for the Damage we had sustain'd, in breaking our Brandy-Bottle, and told him, unless they took speedy care to have it mended, I would Indite the whole Corporation. *That we cannot do by any means, Sir,* said he, *for in so doing we should Ruin half the Town, for the Damage that Hill occasions, brings a considerable Trade to our Wheel-wrights, Farriers, and Chirurgeons; also creates no small Business to those of my own Function, and maintains three or four Families to support the Coaches, and assisting at other Accidents:* But however, I'll present you with a fresh Cargo, and advise you to take more care for the future: Before we had Breakfasted, he was as good as his Word; but to retaliate his Kindness, we call'd for two or three Flasks extraordinary.

Having laid a good Foundation to Travel on, we quitted Marlborough, and soon came to a curious Down, much Noted for its *Grey Wea-*

thers, which often gave us confounded Jolts, and put us in mind of our Landlord's Caution concerning our Bottle. But before we had Rod five Miles, we receiv'd Information of a Party of *Light-Horse* that lay purdus to ease us of our *Road*. This News made us look very Queer, and my Company to sink the *Cole* with Abundance of *Agility*. My Mistress was in a Peck of *Troubles* for the Security of her *Ponderous Purse*, and I thought by the motion of her *Petticoats*, she was going to put it where my Lad — did her *Watch*; Our Merchant shuffled loose *Yellow-Boys* by Dozens into the Lining of his Coat, and I trusted to Providence: But at last, to our great Satisfaction, it prov'd to be a false Alarm, and by the help of our *Nanterian Cordial* we rece

ver'd our stragling Senses. The Discourse of which lasted us till we got to Sandy-Lane where the Road was so Damnably heavy, that two Miles in three Hours was an extraordinary Journey, and the Corporation Trot to St. Pauls on a Sunday, was a Fool to it: But at last we arriv'd at the Sign of *Chevalier Bruin*, where we was to Dine.

Here we had such an *Amsterdam W* — for our Landlady, that the like was never heard of. She hath Buried five Husbands, never had but one Son, and he was Hang'd; thirteen Daughters, and a Dozen of them was of their Mother's Stamp, and the other Dy'd an Infant, the Old one was a Widow, and her Daughters Maids, yet between them had more Children than *Rossmary-Lane* affords of a Sunday; and most of their Sires was *Soldiers*, or *Cattle-fickers*. There was more *Coaches* and *Waggons* drawn up before her Gate, than *Hacks* in *Palace-Yard*, during the *Sessions* of *Parliament*, or *Term-Time*. All her Entertainment is *Loins of Mutton*, or *Rabbits*; and she makes more *Broth* in a Day, than all the *Chop-Houses* in *Castle-Alley* in a Week. At last, with much ado, we got two of the aforesaid Dishes for Dinner, and a Nasty Jade to attend us, who, as we understood afterwards, was one of her Daughters, but by her Looks one would Conjecture the Devil was her Father, yet she was Recommended to us for the Flower of them all; but in my Judgment the old one is more inviting than any of her off-spring. The best Accommodation we had there was the Juice of *Pippins*, which we drank very plentifully; but by its *Urinal Motion*, hindred *Whip* one Mile in four; and the Ladies Emissary, *Mistress Perr*, once was so hard put to it, we thought by her Sour Looks, and the wringing of her Knees, she

had the *Dry-Gripes*; but at last a *Natural Evacuation* gave her ease, and created us a great deal of Laughter. Our Bill was compos'd in a few Words; and was very Moderate, considering what Extravagant Prices we often give for *Mutton* and *Coney* in some Places.

Having Din'd, we proceeded on our Journey, but with a great deal of difficulty; for the Road was so Rocky, Unlevel, and Narrow in some Places, that I am perswaded the *Alps* are to be passed with less danger; in the performance of which, our firking *Effedarian* was oblig'd to use abundance of *Horse-Courting Rhetotrick* to his Tired *Ambulators*; and when that prevail'd not to Exercise his *Tickler*; but we were Jelted so cursedly, that I thought it would have made a Dislocation of my Bones; we all complain'd, but could find no Remedy; nor would I advise any who have been Sufferers in *Venus Sports*, to adventure the Fatigue of a Coach to the *Bath*, lest it dis-joint a Member or two. At last, when our Patience was almost worn out, we agreed for to aligh rather than endure it any longer, but our *Charioteer* inform'd us we were at our Journeys-end, which we presently found to be true, and *Bath* was as welcome to us, as a good Dinner to a *Covent-Garden-Tooth-Picker*.

Being come to the *White Hart*, our long wish'd for Port, we refresh'd our selves with much Joy, after our tedious mortifying Journey; and there our Merchant took his Leave of us, in a fresh Coach for *Bristol*: Then enquiring for a Lodging, we were recommended to a *Tonser's*, whose Wife kept a *Milliner's-Shop* in the same House, where was Accomodation for us all, tho' he had several other Lodgers in the House of Good Quality. That Night my Widow and I had an Opportunity to enjoy our selves to our *Mutual Satisfaction*,

Satisfaction, without any suspicion, and agreed to be made *One Flesh* the first opportunity that offerd. In the Morning we were saluted by the the whole Fraternity of *Cut-Gut-Scrapers*, and could not get rid of them without the assistance of an *Angel*. My Mistress and her Sister would not appear Publick, till their Baggage arriv'd from *London*, which they did not expect in three or four Days, so I had the liberty to stroll alone.

After I had Accouter'd my self to the best advantage, in which I made no small Figure, I went to the *Coffee-House*, where I found several of my Acquaintance, who seem'd to be overjoy'd at my Appearance, embrac'd and flatter'd me, as an old Woman does her Grandchild; asking a thousand impertinent Questions concerning *London*, and *What Company came with me? If Ladies or Gentlemen? Whether any Quality was on the Road bound for the Bath?* In which I satisfied them to the best of my Knowledge; but after we had taken a Dish or two of that Insipid Liquor, we adjourn'd to honest *E---* at the *Three Tuns*, where we enliven'd our Souls with a Glass of good *Bordeaux*, and sparkling *Sherry*; and from thence we went to see the Diversion of the Baths.

Of which 'tis not my Design to give you an Account of their Original, and eminent Cures, or a Description of their Structure, and Noble Founders, for that's already perform'd in most of our Chronicles, but shall only hint on the Ways and Intrigues that are managed there during the Season.

The first we went to, is call'd the *Kings*, and it joyns to the *Queens*, both running in one; and the most Famous for Cures. In this Bath was at least Fifty of both Sexes, with a Score or two of Guides, who, by their *Scorbutick Carac-*

ter

les, and *Lacker'd Hides*, you would think they had lain Pickling a Hundred Years in the *Stygian Lake*. Some had those *Infernal Emiffaries* to support their Impotent Limbs; others to scrub their Putrify'd Carcafes like a *Rase-Horse*. In one corner was an old Fornicator hanging by the Rings, loaded with a rotten Humidity: Hard by him was a Buxom Dame, cleansing her *Nunquam Satis* from *Mercurial Dregs*, and the remains of *Roman Vitrol*. Another half cover'd with Sear-cloth, and had more Sores than *Lazarus*, doing Penance for the Sins of her Youth: At her Elbow was a young Hero, supported by a couple of Guides, racked with Aches and intolerable Pains, cursing *Middlesex-court* and *Beveridge's Dancing school*, as heartily as *Job* the Day of his Birth. At the Pump was several a Drenching their Gullets, and gormandizing the reaking Liquor by Wholesale.

From thence we went to the *Cross-Bath*, where most of the Quality Resorts, more Famed for *Pleasures* than *Cures*, tho' they pretend it hath wrought Miracles on Barren Soils, and wonderfully helps Conception. Not long since a Gentleman of Quality was beholden to it for an Aeir, as he Reported; but his Lady is of a contrary Opinion; yet I know not what Operation such tempting Objects may have by causing Titillation, and heighten Imagination, to procure immediate Conjunction. Here is performed all the wanton Dalliances imaginable; celebrated Beauties, panting Breasts, and curious Shapes, almost expos'd to publick View; Languishing Eyes, Darting Killing Glances, Tempting Amorous Postures, attended by soft Musick, enough to provoke a *Vestal* to forbidden Pleasure, captivate a *Saint*, and charm a *Jove*: Here was also different Sexes, from Quality to the Worshipful Knights,

Knights, Country Puts, and City Madams: Nay, the Circumcis'd Jew could Bath in Delight, Swim in Pleasure with the Gentile, and out-vie a Courtier in Splendor, tho' they Crucify'd his God; and dispence with *Christians* Flesh, tho' not *swines*. The Ladies, with their floating Japan-Bowls, freighted with *Confessionary* knickknacks, Essences and Perfumes, Waded about like *Neptune's* Courtiers, suppling their Industrious Joints. The Vigorous Sparks presenting them with several antick Postures, as swimming on their Backs, then embracing the Element, sink in a Rapture, and by Accidental Design, thrust a stretch'd Arm, but where the Water conceal'd, so ought my Pen.

The Spectators in the Galleries, pleasing their roving Fancies with this Ladies Face, anothers Eyes, a thirds heaving Breasts and profound Air. In one Corner stood an old *Leetber*, whose Years spoke him no less than Three Score and Ten, making Love to a young Lady, not exceeding Fourteen. The usual Time being come to forsake the fickle Element, *Half-Tub-Chairs*, lin'd with Blankets, ply'd as thick as *Coaches* at the *Play-House*, or *Carts* at the *Custom-House*.

Bathing being over for that Day, we went to walk in the Grove, a very pleasant Place, for Diversions; there are several *Raffing-Shops*: In one of the Walks is divers Sets of *Nine-Pins*, and Attendance to wait on you: Tipping all Nine for a Guinea, is as common there, as two Farthings for a Porringer of Barly-Broth at the Hospital-Gate in *Smithfield*. On several of the Trees was hung a Lampoon on the Marriage of one Mr. E—— a Drugmunger, and the Famous Madam D—— an old B—— of London.

Having almost tired our selves with Walking,

we took a Bench to ease our weary Pedestals. Now, said my Friend, I'll give you an Impartial Account of the Perfections, Qualities, and Functions of a few particular Persons that are among this Amphibious Crowd. For, notwithstanding I have been here not above a Fortnight, I am as well acquainted with the Town, and its Intrigues, as old Justice P—— with *Morefields* and *Drury-Lane* Bawdy-Houses.

These two Ladies, with the Gentleman in Blew, are Sisters, and live near the Church that is Dedicated to a Saint who expir'd on a Grid-iron; they are Amorous Dames; the Gentleman is a Broken Officer, and lives better on their Allowance, than he could on his Pay. This Gentlewoman in the white Damask Gown, is a Sea Captains Lid; who, while her Corniferous Mate is Plowing the Ocean, takes care to Manure his Pasture, that he may have a Fruitful Crop this Harvest. That Foppish Beau in Scarlet Stockins, whose Sword Hilt bears a Bob with his Calves, and his Jubilee Hatband lies stich'd cross the Crown, was a *Petticoat-Pensioner* to Madam F—— near *Bucklersbury*; but being lately Discarded, is come down here for Promotion. That young Lady with the Gold Orice Petticoat, was a great Fortune, and not long since was Married to a Flannel-Wastecoat, and a Double Night-cap of the same Stuff, but now, by reason of her Husband's *Imbecillity*, is forc'd to have recourse to the *Bath*. That Tall Gentleman, attended by three Liveries, is something of Quality, a right *Countier*, for he abhors the *Citizens Wives* as much as the *Sword-Bearer* does *Custard*. That Broid-Piece Doctor, in the Diminutive Band, makes a Purchase every Year by the Wickedness of the Age; and vindicates W——, more than ever G. K——

writ against the *Quakers*. That pert young Gentlewoman with the two Silver Fringes, was compel'd by her Friends to Marry a slovenly *Stock-Jobber*, and now is surfeited with his Embraces; and came to the *Bath* to mend his Breed. The crafty Priest, that Son of *Levi*, is as Fickle as a *Weather-Cock*, and would sooner discard a good Conscience, than a fat Benifice. This Tun of Iniquity in the Crimson Gown, with *Monsieur* at her Elbow, two Devils behind her, and *Aetna* in her Face, all the Water in the *Severn* is not able to quench her Desires; she is a second *Mosselina*, will tire, but ne'er be satisfy'd; she hath already Quarter'd a Troop of *French Dragoons*; a Regiment of *Dutchmen*; and now is come to Exercise a Battalion of *Britains*. That Powder'd *Lobster* in the Edg'd Hat, is the Spawn of a *Broker*; from thence Evaporated to a *Bully*; now Shams an *Officer*; Sets up for a *Stallion* of the first Rank; and pretends he receives several Favours from a Qualified Lady. That Spark with his Hat under his Arm, is a Limb of the *Law*, but hath Studied *Chamberlin's* Midwifry, more than *Cook's* Reports. That Dowdy Minx in a Scarlet Topping and Pink'd Scarf, is the Relick of a Broken-*Grocer*, an Industrious Woman, for her Head's no sooner laid, but her Breech is at Work. In short, for *Fops* and *Belfa's*, this Place exceeds *Greys-Inn Walks* on Sunday Evening, and consists of grater Variety of Persons, Remarkable for some Vice or Folly, than there are Ingredients in a *Lombard-Pye* for a City Feast. To give you a particular Description of each of 'em, will require a Week's Time at least. Come, therefore, let's go to some Tippling Mansion and Carouse till we have exhilarated our Drowthy Souls; To which I readily agreed. About Five in the Evening we went

to see a great Match at Bowling; there was *Quality*, and Revered *Doctors* of both Professions; *Topping Merchants*; *Broken Bankers*; *Noted Mercers*; *Inns-of-Court Rakes*; *City Beaus* *Stray'd Prentices*; and *Dancing-Masters* in Abundance. *Fly, fly, fly, fly*, said one: *Rub, rub, rub, rub*, cry'd another. *Ten Guineas to five*, I uncover the *Jack*, says a Third. *Damn these Nice Fingers of mine*, cry'd my Landlord, *I slip't my Bowl*, and mistook the *Bias*. Another Swearing, *He knew the Ground to an Inch*, and would hold five Pound his *Bowl* came in. But in short, the *Citizens* won the *Courtiers* Money, and the *Courtiers* Swore to be Reveng'd on their *Wives* and *Daughters*.

From thence we went to the *Groom-Porters*, where they were a Labouring like so many *Anchor-Smiths*, at the *Oak Back-Gammon*, *Tick-Tack*, *Irish*, *Basset*, and throwing of *Mains*. There was *Palming*, *Lodging*, *Loaded Dice*, *Levant*, and *Gammoning*, with all the *Speed* imaginable; but the *Cornish Rook* was too hard for them all, The *Bristol Fair Sparks* had but a very bad Bargain of it; and little occasion for returns. *Bank-Bills* and *Exchequer Notes* were as plenty as *Fops* at the *Chocolate-Houses*, or *Pater-Noster-Row*. Having satisfied our Curiosity we left them as busie a shaking their *Elbows*, as the *Apple-Women* in *Stocks-Market Walnuts* in *October*.

And meeting with three or four more Acquaintance, we stroul'd to a *Bristol Milk Dary-House*, and Enjoy'd our selves like brave *Bacchanatians*. At Night I stole into my *Mistresses Arms*, as *Vigorous as Youth*, *Beauty*, *Wine*, and *Love* could inspire me; but she urging mightily for a speedy Marriage, which I was not very backward to, we agreed to be Rivetted the next Morning; she undertaking to engage the *Maid* to assist her, and

I, our Landlord, to procure a Minister; which accordingly was perform'd the next day, with a great deal of Secrefie, at the Expence of half a Score Guineas; and Spouse desir'd it might not be known while we continu'd in the Country, for some particular Reasons. Now being Joyn'd by the Priest, Madam *Bride*, and Mrs. *Pert*, managed it so, that we lay together without any mistrust. *Let a Woman alone for Contrivance to obtain her Desires.*

About Ten in the Morning I wat sent for, by some Acquaintance, to the General Rendezvouz, — *Coffee-House*, where *Fools*, *Bullies*, *Squires*, *Beaus*, and *Criticks*, resort as thick as *Stock-Jobbers* about the Effigies on the *Royal Exchange*; here *Viticism* was abdicated, and *Nonsense* band-ed to and fro, like a *Shuttle-Cock*. The last Nights Intrigue Wisper'd with abundance of caution, and that Nights Ball was Prognosticated would be very Noble, for 'twas given by a Lady of Quality, and after an hour or two of their insipid Fustian and Blockheadly Conversation,

we went to Raffle for a Present for our Mistresses; and with the loss of a Guinea I brought off a curious *Snaff-Box* worth four: But tho' I was Fortune's Favourite I lik'd a Young *Mercer* of twenty the same Night, and

ending

Which is always kept at the *Town-Hall*, a very spacious Room, and fitted up for that Purpose. During which, the Door is kept by a couple of *Brawny Beadles* to keep out the *Mobility*, looking as fierce as the *Uncouth Figures* at *Guild-Hall*; there was extraordinary fine Dancing, (and how could it otherwise chuse?) For my Spouse and I had a Hand in it. A Consort of Delicate Musick, *Vocal* and *Instrumental*, perform'd by good Masters. A Noble Collation of dry *Sweet-Meats*, rich *Wine*, and large *Attendance*. The Lady who was the Donor, wore an extraordinary Rich Favour, to distinguish her from the rest, which is always the Custom; and before they break up, to chuse another for the next Day, which fell upon a *Shentleman of Wales*; but her no ways Derogated from her Honour, or Disparag'd her Country in the least, but her was as Noble and as Generous as e'er an *English Shentleman* of them all: To her Honour be it spoke.

The next Day the Ladies Baggage arriv'd from *London*; then they made so *choosing* a Figure as any of them all: And the first Night after their Publick Appearance, we were so troubled with some *Serenading Coxcombs*, that the whole Family got up, and had not Mrs. Betty been Vi- my new Adopted F
together

of them came more out of Custom and Formality, than in Devotion to the Sacred Deity, or a suitable Reverence to the Place of Worship. Which was very true, I am Confident, and the Ladies were the only Saints several came there to Adore; as this *Billet-Deaux* will confirm; it was convey'd in a *Candid Orange* to a Lady in one of the Galleries, which she by Accident drop'd, and I had the Fortune to find.

Madam,

HAD Fortune, that Fickle Goddess, but Honour'd me with your Acquaintance, as she has by seeing your Person, I should not have been so Presumptuous as to have offer'd these Imperfect Lines to your Fair Hands; but since my Cruel Stars ordain'd me no such Happiness, I am forc'd to make my Pen become my Orator, and commit that to Writing, which ought rather to have been paid by Adoration. At six this Evening I shall be in the Meadows; pity your Slave, and grant me some Relief.

R.

In the Evening we took a Walk into the Meadows, much resorted to for Pleasant Rivers and Delicate Walks; 'tis a second *Hide-Park* for Coaches; and a *St. James's*, for Beaus and Bell's of all sorts; there was *Chauceer's Sempsters*, my Lord R——— *Manua-Makers*, dandled by Cringing Fops, Antick Beaus, and Blustering Bullies innumerable; *London Jilts*, with Tails like Countesses, and Case-harden'd Impudence; Bantering Young Squires, and Shopkeepers Apprentices: Nay, my *Millenian Landlady*, and her Sister,

Sister, was there Intriguing, and as well match'd as a Pair of Nice Coach-Horses ; much Admired, the one for an Obliging Temper, the other for a Beauty ; but ask Honest Punch, the Pastery-Cook, he'll tell you they Rival each other in their own proper Qualifications.

After an Hour or two's Walking, I Treated my Ladies with the best the Place afforded, and then returned Home : But the next Morning I receiv'd a Letter of Advice from London, of the Death of my Aunt, who had made me her Heir, which put me in mind of the Old Proverb, *It never Rains, but must Pour*. However, that was no ill News to my Bride, nor me neither ; only requiring my speedy appearance to London ; but I promised my Spouse, and the rest of my Acquaintance, to be with them again in a Fortnights time, and tho' an Heir, took leave of them with as much Regreet as the Dutch-Guards of Kensington ; and the next Morning took Post for London. Having now given you an Account of my first Step, I'll make bold, and give you my Sentiments of the BATH.

A Character of the BATH.

TIS neither Town nor City, yet goes by the Name of both ; five Months in the Year 'tis as Populous as London, the other seven as Desolate as a Wilderness. Its chiefest Inhabitants are Turn-Spit Dogs ; and it looks like Lombard-Street on a Saint's Day. During the Season, it bath as many Families in a House as Edinborough ; and Bills are as thick for Lodgings to be Lett, as there are for Houses in the Fryars, on the late Act of Parliament for the Dissolution of Priviledges ; but when the Baths are useles, so
are

A Step to the Bath.

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are their Houses, and as empty as the new Buildings by St. Giles's in the Fields: The Baths I can compare to nothing but boilers in Fleet-Lane, or Old-Bedlam, for they have a reeking Steem all the Year. In a Word, 'tis a Valley of Pleasure, yet the Sink of Iniquity; nor is there any Intrigue or Debauch Acted at London, but is Minick'd there.

F I N I S.



